The Saturday Review of Literature

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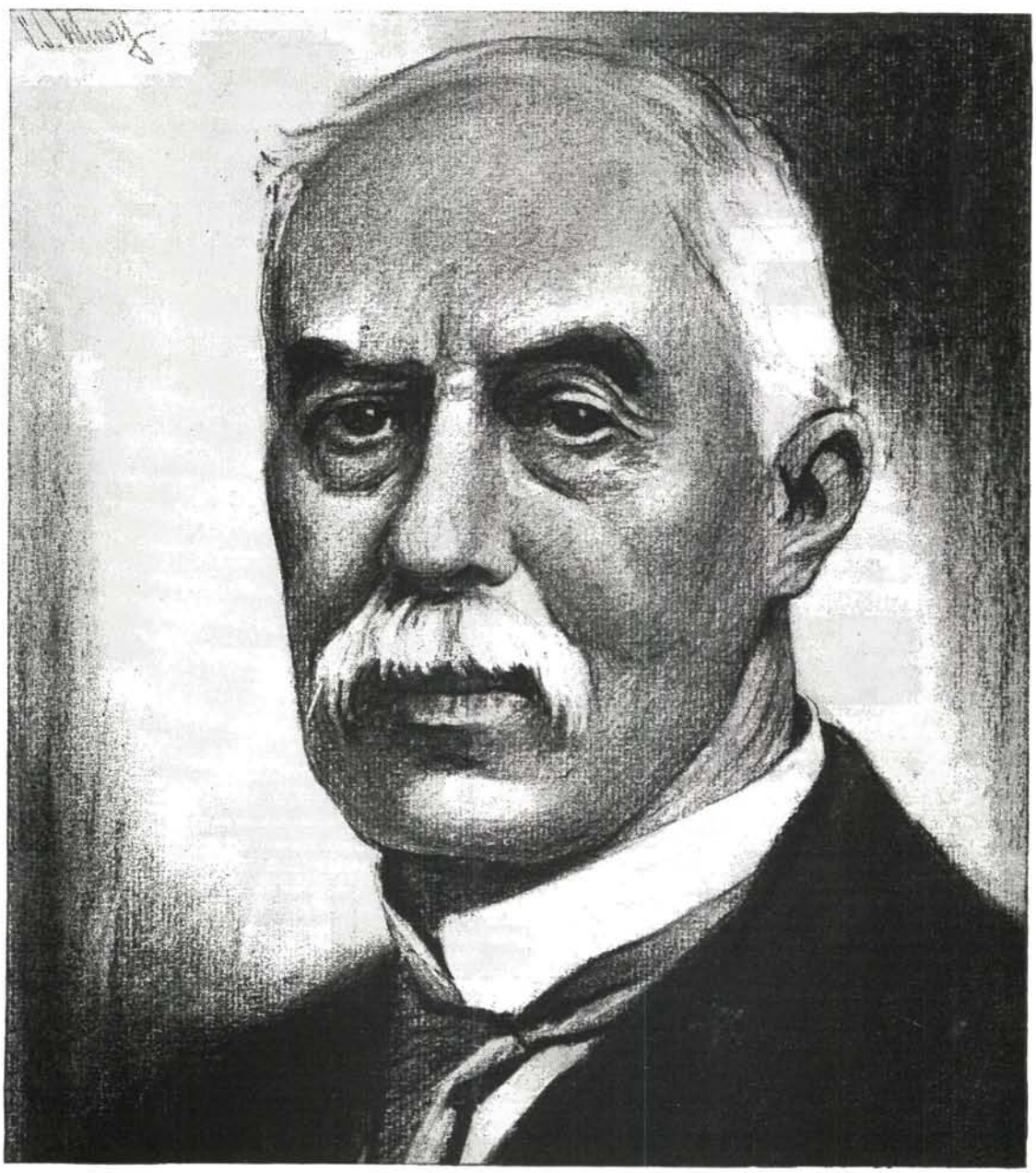

A. E. Housman, not of Shropshire. *(See page 10)*

The Atom as Moral Dictator

By WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING

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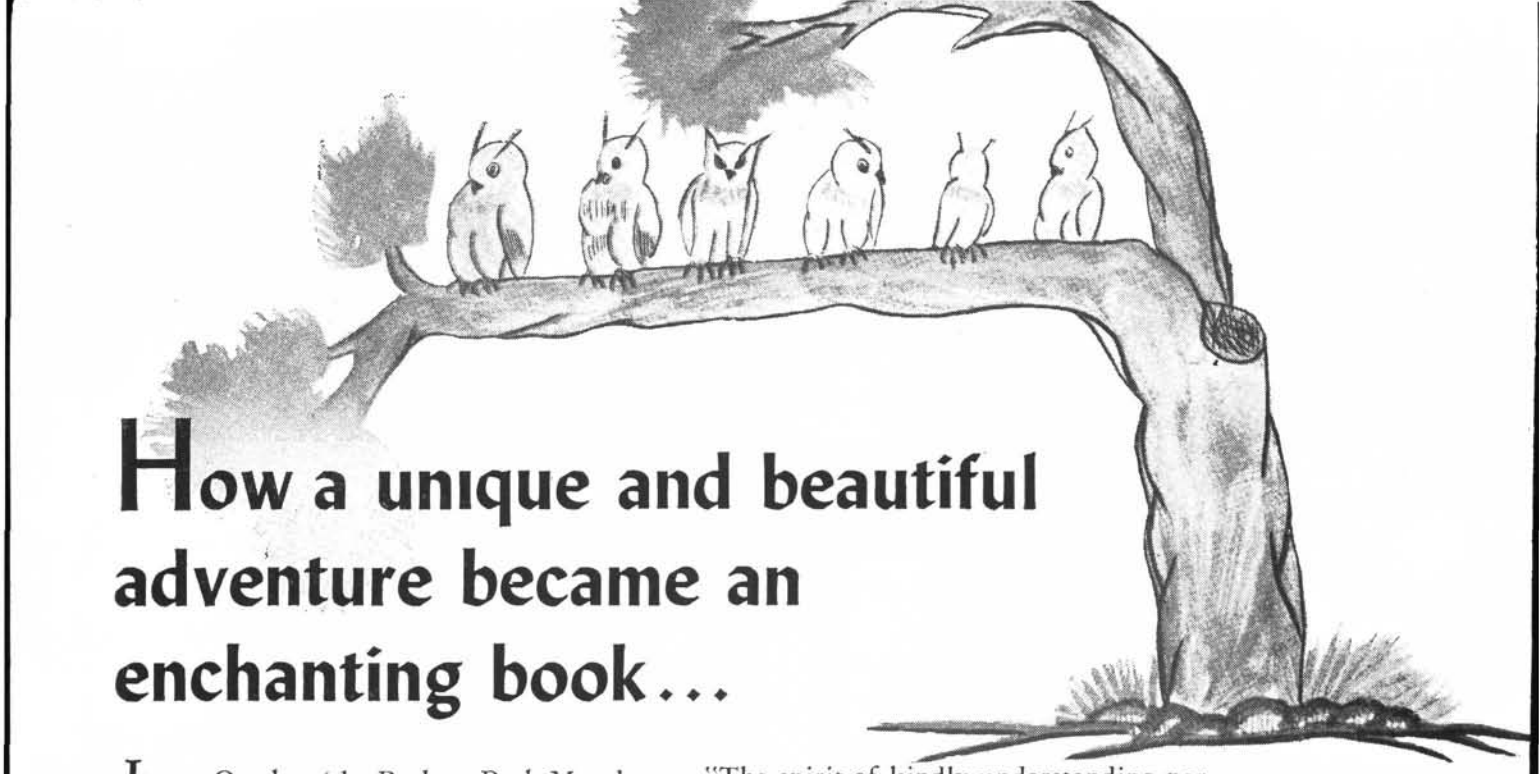

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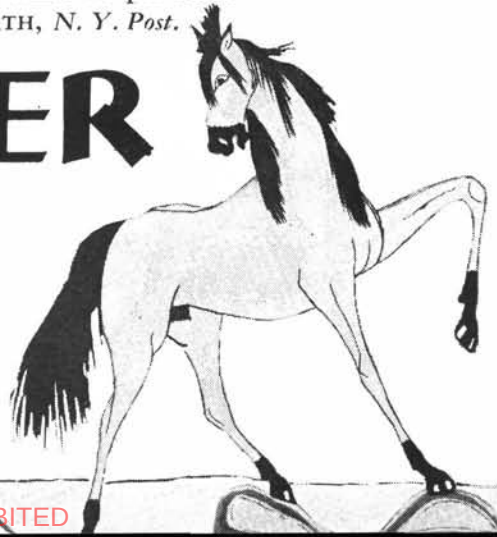

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This Week

Cover Drawing by S. J. Woolf

Article

THE ATOM AS MORAL DICTATOR PAGE
By William Ernest Hocking... 7

Reviews

A SHROPSHIRE LAD
By A. E. Housman
Reviewed by William Rose Benét.10

THE B.O.W.S.
By Margalo Gillmore and Patricia Collinge
Reviewed by Richard Watts, Jr....11

THE RIVER ROAD
By Frances Parkinson Keyes
Reviewed by Marjory Stoneman Douglas 12

IT'S A LONG WAY TO HEAVEN
By Abner Dean
Reviewed by Thomas Sugrue.....16

LABOR POLICY OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT
By Harold W. Metz
Reviewed by Saul Carson.....24

THE LESSON OF GERMANY
By Gerhart Eisler, Albert Norden, and Albert Schreiner

THE GERMANS IN HISTORY
By Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein

GERMAN EDUCATION AND REËDUCATION
By Susanne C. Engelmann
Reviewed by Hans Kohn.....28

TRENDS IN COLLECTIVE BARGAINING
By S. T. Williamson and Herbert Harris
Reviewed by Mark Starr.....30

Departments

STRICTLY PERSONAL
By Ralph Chapman.....13

EDITORIAL 14

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....15

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf.....18

SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown.....20

LITERARY I.Q.....24

THE NEW RECORDINGS.....26

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....28

LITERARY CRYPT.....29

THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét.....32

DOUBLE-CROSTIC: No. 619.....35

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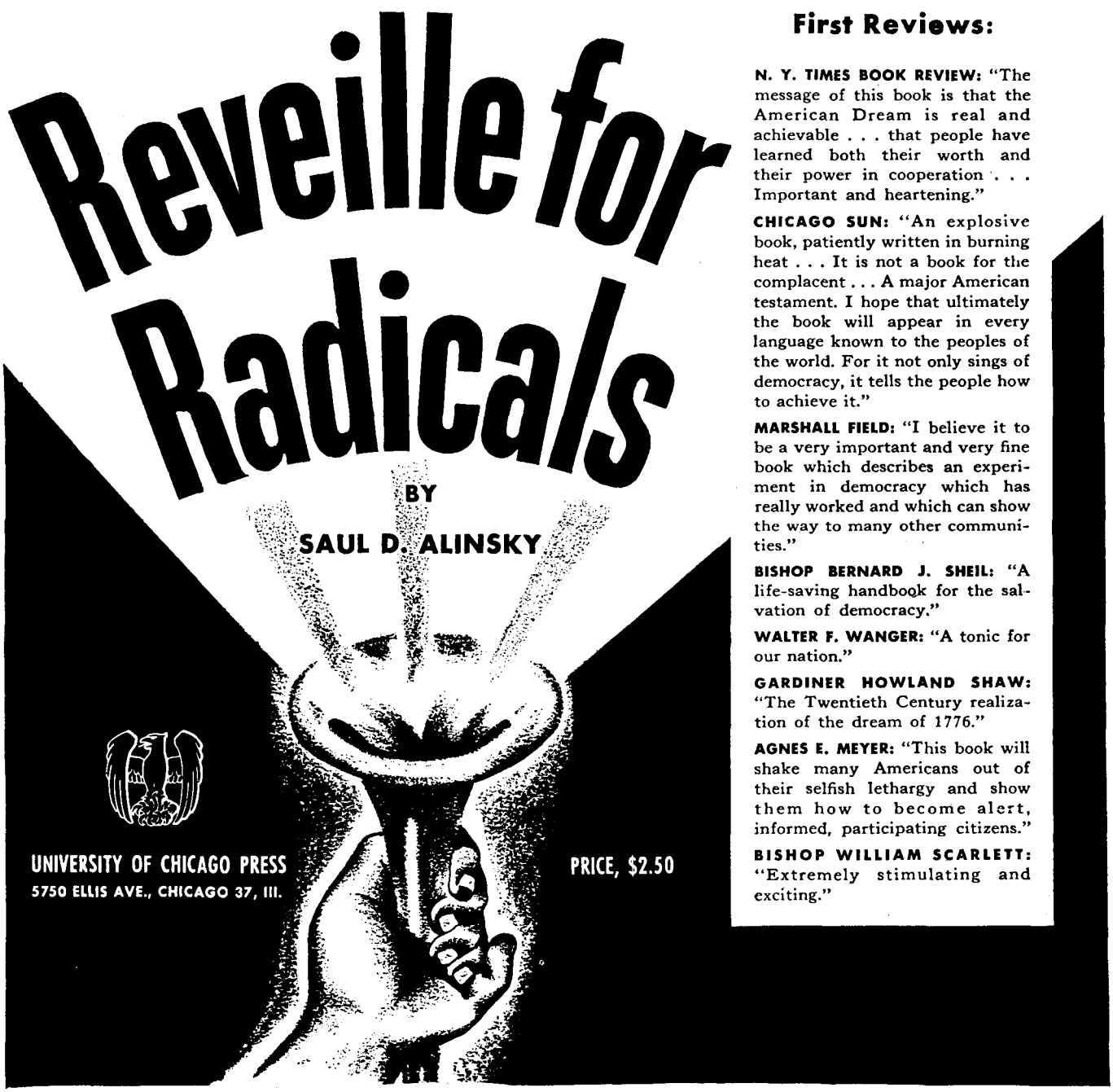

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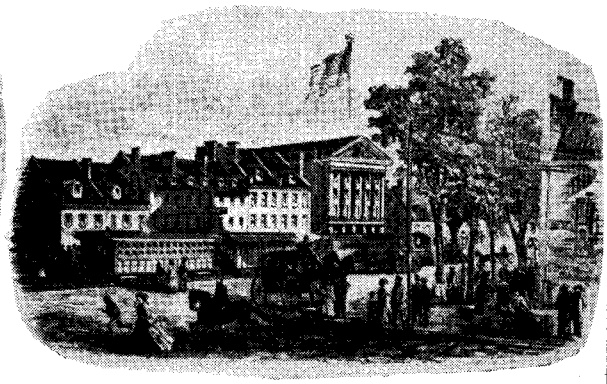

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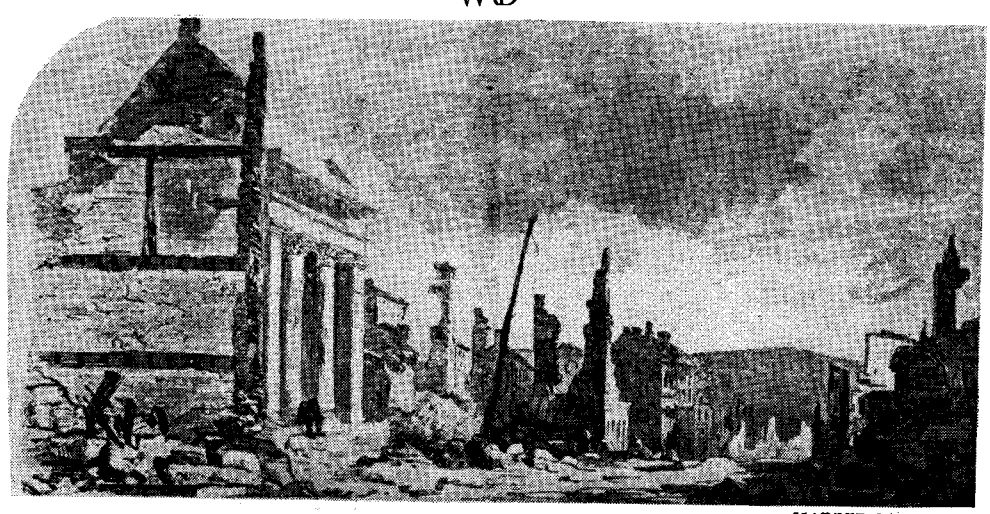

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What is a new book?

ONE of the phrases we like least in the jargon of our business is "new book". You can say it means a book that has never been published before—that is, new from the point of view of the Copyright Office. A new book, in commercial terms, is one that a bookseller has not yet sold, or tried to sell, to his customers. From the author's standpoint, a new book is one that he has just finished writing —though it may have none of the genuine freshness and originality that the word "new" implies.

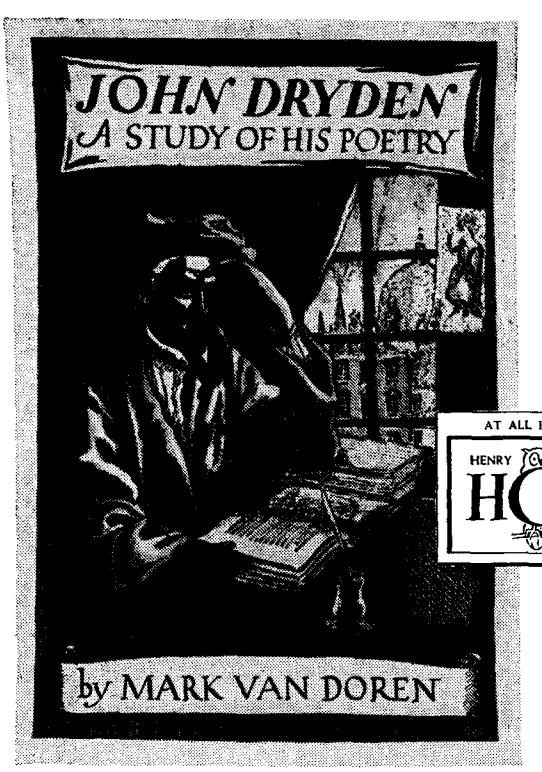
Probably a new book is really just one that is new to the reader. Books are, after all, written and published for readers, not for their authors, printers, or distributors. Whenever a reader begins a book that he has not read before, he is embarking upon a new experience; this kind of newness is possibly one of the reasons why there is a perennial freshness about the great classics. They live not because they are old and honored, but because they are forever young and fresh to generation after generation coming upon them for the first time.

We have been thinking about this recently because we have just issued a book that has already been published twice before by other houses, and which is nevertheless more truly new than most books on first publication. It is Mark Van Doren's JOHN DRYDEN: *A Study of His Poetry*, and its initial appearance occurred a quarter of a century ago on the list of a promising young firm of publishers—Harcourt, Brace and Howe. Ten years later, and in another country, Gordon Fraser issued it at the Minority Press in Cambridge, England. Both times the book went out of print, and both times it refused to grow old and die. Each decade has brought along a new group of readers who wanted and needed it—who heard of its existence the way one somehow hears of good books over and over again, long after they are out of print. And each decade has found Mark Van Doren's DRYDEN a different but equally enthusiastic publisher.

The book has been in steady, if small, demand ever since 1920. It was Mr. Van Doren's first book—it began as his doctoral thesis, as a matter of fact—and it is still the only full-length piece of modern criticism on Dryden's verse. Since 1920, Mr. Van Doren has written many books, has edited a number of anthologies, and has become a major poet. His present audience is many times that which awaited JOHN DRYDEN in its first edition. The book is new to readers under forty, most of whom hadn't even reached high school when it was first published. And to most of those who own Mark Van Doren's SHAKESPEARE it will be, we wager, news that such a book has been in existence, however sporadically. It now takes its permanent place on our list.

Aside from its critical text, the book is virtually an anthology of Dryden's verse, which is an excellent introduction to one of the most neglected of the great English writers. His gradual rediscovery during the twentieth century is, we think, partly the result of this single volume, which T. S. Eliot calls "admirable", and which is itself a notable and beautiful piece of literary criticism. Indeed, Mark Van Doren seems to us to have no peer in the most difficult of all the critical arts—the power to convey the greatness and importance of the great and important things in our literary heritage.

What specially delights us is the fact that John Dryden was the first writer in our language to put together a connected body of literary criticism of his own. The art that Van Doren practices so magnificently in our time stems in part from the work of the man about whom he writes in this book, and there is no mistaking the achievement of either Dryden or our own contemporary. This kind of full-circle felicity doesn't occur so often as we should like in our profession, but it is worth waiting for. We hope our predecessors enjoyed bringing it out as much as we do now.



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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Atom as Moral Dictator

WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING

TOWARD the close of the Middle Ages a certain Nicholas of Cusa taught a weird doctrine of the "coincidence of opposites": the smallest and the greatest, he said, come to identity. If you seek the Almighty you may find him in the wide universe or in the minutest particle.

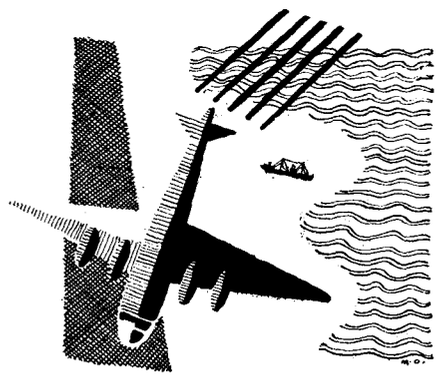
No one will propose that this old thinker was foreseeing the Atomic Age, but the parallel has its interest: the mightiest has proved to be in the infinitesimal. The influence of the atom on human behavior is not confined to the engineering problems it presents, nor to the industrial and economic revolutions which appear unfolding in the remoter distance. It is already determining political alignments. It may drive mankind into a degree of coöperation which we should otherwise reach only by slow and reluctant stages. If Einstein is right, it may be good for us to be driven by fear into a politically unified world, though it is difficult to see how compulsory coöperation can succeed unless there is a basis of a spontaneous disposition to coöperate. But whether world government is a necessity, a luxury, or a curse, the atom is compelling us to confront the question with a seriousness to which we have long been stranger.

Through this problem, the dictation of the atom extends to another field. No political unity will work unless there is a basis of moral agreement, and for the residual disagreements, a basis of understanding and tolerance. It becomes urgent that our moral resources be reviewed, the extent of common conscience among diverse human groups explored, and the area of agreed principle plotted. A certain amount of moral housecleaning will be called for at home and abroad. This is the point of Beardsley Ruml's proposal, offered recently in these pages, that world government be considered a twenty-year undertaking, and that the ground be prepared by easing present political frictions and attending to those traits in ourselves which beget them, especially those human scorns and contempts which vitiate our professions of brotherhood and corrupt the foundations of democracy.

Under the atom as taskmaster, are we then to be hurried into a reform which otherwise we would postpone? When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be? There is here no occasion for invoking this shabby jest. If a momentous and universal danger could shock an easygoing public into a moment of sobriety, there is no reason to assume that resulting decisions must be superficial.

Every decision made in the presence of a new idea creates discontinuity in the lines of habit. The difficulty with the moral program lies elsewhere: it is that moral decisions are individual, and cannot be achieved on the mass-level which the emergency requires. There is, indeed, this favorable element in the situation, that mass-readiness is there, and where there exists a mass-question, there may be a mass-answer. Never was the realization of an historic problem so prompt and complete.

The fear expressed by Anthony Eden that the Bomb, having appeared fleetingly in the news, will wear off as a nine-days' sensation, is not fully justified. What has happened among ourselves is that our people, thinking the Bomb for the moment in safe hands, assume that there is time to reflect and that time is necessary. They have not stopped thinking, not even the hard thinking required to understand the Bomb's working. They are ready to consider any answers regarding any new human relations which the atom may demand: but they know also that the existence of an imperative need for answers does absolutely nothing to make complex moral and political problems suddenly simple.



THERE are two types of moral problems. In the one, we know well enough what is right, and we refrain from doing it through inertia, selfishness, fear, animality, anger, greed. In the other, we lack clearness, and need to be shown where the right lies, and how to do it. We often mix the types and pretend we lack clearness, to postpone decision. There is always a mass of moral inertia and compromise in the drift of a human mind, so that the summons to "clean up, and begin doing what you know to be right," is never impertinent. Are the moral hindrances to world unity of this sort? Or are they of the sort that require prolonged thought and inquiry? Actually they are of both sorts.

There is a good deal of plain, low, cunning avarice, unrepentant slave-driving, double-dealing, and corruption in world politics and in the national tempers that egg the diplomats on. An observant British friend summarizes his impression of American devotion to ideals in statecraft as "lip-service"—not so much hypocritical in intent as unwilling to pay the price. Many who have talked Atlantic Charter here and elsewhere have lost interest in it, not because they believe its broad generalities inapplicable to facts, but because they have other game to pursue. This formula has served its purpose, that of collecting popular armies for a great fight; the fight is now over, and to hell with the formula. If the atom-dictator could startle these gentlemen into attention, it would not be their ignorance that would stand in the way of action. Again, there is a good deal of hugging prejudice among us, playing with the fires of racial animosities when there are abundant ways at hand for bringing into race problems the decencies of legal justice and human consideration. No one has the solution of any race problem; no such problem can be labelled

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"No thought required;" but the first battle to be won lies simply in the will. Are you willing to follow the dictates of human fraternity, recognize suffering and injustice when you see it, and do some new labor on your own attitudes? There is no need for delay and commission work on this point.

Then, there is a great deal of unintelligent suspiciousness about the Soviet Union which is just as bad as unintelligent partisanship in its favor. The crucial relations between the Soviets and ourselves cannot be resolved or aided by emotional holdovers from the days when the term Bolshevik was taken as a synonym for a generally reprobate system of society with a menacing missionary determination. They cannot be helped by any emotional momentum, ecstatic or denunciatory: they are too instantly important, too definitely in change, too much in the making, too freighted with all sorts of possibility to be met by anything but a firm resolve to see things as they now are. For example, the Soviets are no longer a purely Communist society, they are more like a state capitalism. The United States is no longer a purely capitalist society; we are very practically aware of the extent to which private capital is affected by a public interest.

Every economy in the world today is a mixed economy; and those are the misleaders of mankind who say with Hayek or von Mises that no mixture can be tolerated. The economic relations of the Soviets and these States are thus in the discussable region, not in the region of virtue-and-vice hostilities. The tetanus of infuriated or terrified antagonism may give way to rational examination and the tolerance of experiment. What is required of us is a tremendous and painful resolve to be fair and accurately informed, while holding to our principles. This is a resolve which can be taken now; and it is perhaps the most pertinent resolve, for the problem of world unity, that we have to take.

MANY of the problems affecting world unity are indeed double. There is in them at the outset a simple question of doing what we know to be right: and when this is done, there appear intricacies which require study. There are many obstacles to world unity in which we lack clearness: the moral problem turns on an intellectual pivot. The maxim of Chiang Kai-Shek comes to pertinence: "To know is difficult, to act is easy." To recognize these difficulties removes one of the chief roots of angry intolerance: for one of the best ways of creating chasms of furious ill-will, especially among friends and allies, is to mistake a complex political problem for a simple moral question of doing what is obviously right. Moral dogmas can seldom be invoked to solve head-on collisions of national purpose, as when Poland and Czechslovakia both demand Teschen, or when China and Britain both claim sovereignty over Hong Kong. But if such collisions are not to result either in war or in the retreat of one arbitrary I-will before another arbitrary I-will, two things are required:

First, the conviction that *there is* a rational solution. No human issue can be purely a question of whose arbitrary will shall prevail: for every controversy there is a principle. The will to find the principle is the mother of law; and law is the mother of peace.

Second, the full use of our resources for moral guidance. What are those resources?

I am interested just now solely in the moral guidance of our thinking on international affairs, for there is a moral factor in all of it. The moral factor is never a complete solution; but it has this interesting property, that if two contestants recognize that each has this search for a "right" solution going on in his mind, they become immediately more respectful of each other and more patient with the reduction of the intellectual snags. The search for moral guidance is half the battle of world peace. These moral elements of complex issues—as regarding the treatment of backward peoples, or of ex-enemy nations, or of minorities, or of boundaries, or of trade and resources —are not in themselves complex: they lie close to the center of our moral sense, and the pertinent guides are our natural authorities, those with which our first moral insights are reached—I mean the home, the school, and the church. One reason for our present fumbling in the search for unity is that all of these institutions are derelict in their duty.

IN a growing majority of American instances, the home no longer pretends to know right from wrong. Having accepted the extremely prevalent

On the State of Mankind

By Robert Nathan

THESE are the last songs we shall ever sing together,
This is the last kindness we shall do;
Last roses, fragrance, wood-smoke in November,
Last sea-blue sky of winter, summer lavender, green April weather,
Lilacs at night

. . . No one will whisper to us.
There will be no one to whisper to.
Only silence; not even forgetting.

Who can forget
What animals lived on the moon? There is no way to remember.
Say goodbye now. Say goodbye forever
To all you know, to all you ever knew:
To man himself, to fried eggs, and the alphabet,
To garden peas, and dogs wagging their tails, and Beethoven,
Apples, and Pericles, and the swallow's flight,
To fire, and Hiroshima.

Farewell, Leonardo.
Farewell, farewell. It is unlikely that anyone hereafter
Will ever again speak Russian or English or Japanese,
Or have our kind of thoughts, our kind of anguish,
Or dress for dinner, or go to afternoon teas.
All at an end now, the dream, the rust, the corrosion,
The long fever and chill,
Though there is still time left to capture, to try to recall
Something that was important—what was it? Taxes?
Or Nelson at Trafalgar? Or Rome in her might?
Or the way we cleared our fields with Connecticut axes?
Or what somebody said in Galilee, on a hill?
Whatever it was, I think you had better hurry,
Before it ends, completely, once and for all,
And there is no one left to talk to, and worry,
Not even to ask, Did you hear the last explosion?
Did you see the light?

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anti-principle of the relativity of moral standards, the older generation finds it more rational, as it always has been more easy, to let the younger generation establish its own codes, under the general assumption that natural inclination is a fair guide to normalcy. This is the cowardice of the parental relation in a free society, in part an incident of that individualism in which parents feel that the one thing of supreme importance is their own right to happiness, while more crimes are committed by seventeen-year-old youth than by any other age. With this degeneracy at the heart of our culture, little can be expected in the way of a trained moral intuition in the next generation.

The elementary schools at times try valiantly to supply the deficiency left by the dereliction of the home. Every good teacher retains something of the parental impulse, and many take up the all but hopeless fight of the moral sensitizing of children in large groups. But for the most part, the schools simply abandon the moral task as not their business except in the performance of the school duties themselves and the maintenance of school order. These are, to the students, somewhat peripheral and unimpressive moralities; and if the question arises why duties should be done or order maintained nothing more soul-searching is likely to appear than "psychological adaptation to the conditions of group-welfare."

One can but sympathize with the school's disadvantage in conveying anything but a flimsy incentive, and if the student feels through the ponderous sociological verbiage that "social" motives are not ultimate but indirect, and that the whole plea is devoid of moral substance, he can hardly be blamed. Unless social motives are taken with the constructive seriousness of a George Junior Republic, for which our public school system has neither facility nor capacity, nothing is taught but a prudential conformity. Our universities having, with a few honorable exceptions, no moral or other convictions to impart, but only a method of discussion in which the ethics of Bertrand Russell stand on precisely the same plane as the ethics of Plato, have nothing further to give the lower schools; and for their own students only confirm the prevailing vacuousness of principle.

There remains the religious institution. Customarily, it has stood with the family in the moral instruction of children; so far as it gets a hearing today, it speaks also, and chiefly, to the adult population. It offers to the mature individual a world-view; it is the only institution which, at present, undertakes this task. But what has a world-view to do with morality? To establish a frame within which a man's personal duties become significant. In the absence of any other proffer of significance for personal duty, this function is of prime importance, provided the world-view is valid and acceptable. It may offer these things dogmatically, or with a philosophical defense. But what morality does it offer?

Is it an authoritative and unchanging morality embodied perhaps in the Ten Commandments or in the Sermon on the Mount? These venerable formulae are difficult to relate in detail to the problems of the moment, and especially to the international scene. Yet if the church is not authoritative, and does not present an eternally valid law, it does not know its own business.

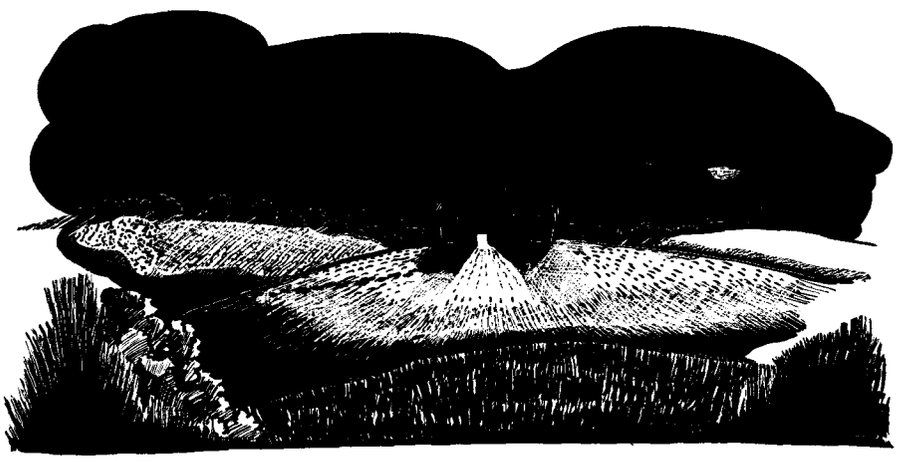
IN recent years, the American churches have valiantly assumed a part in the pressing decisions of international order: they have had something to give. They have represented a certain corporate conscience which can set itself against prevalent greeds, cruelties, national egoisms, and draw the outlines of a firmer world order.

But this conscience from which they speak, is it clearly distinguishable from the generalized good-will of the friendly American temperament, aiming to soothe the world rather than to admonish it? Its advice has been excellent on the problems of public order: but it is not enough for the church to be one more source of excellent advice. Tamed by the illusions of the "social gospel," the church does little to vitalize the deeper sources of moral sense. It falls in with the conspiracy of contemporary life to anesthetize the soul of man, instead of recognizing the radical solitude of the origins of moral impulse, and raising the question whether society itself is right.

It is the church's privilege and duty to speak from outside society, free to praise and free to rebuke. It can build the inter-nation through representing the super-national element in the heart of citizens—also super-class, super-race, super-status. The church should be in its own life, not a kindly reproach, but an authoritative denunciation of the compromises and cruelties of our massive national self-righteousness, of the hideous indiscriminacy of our own methods of warfare, of the absymal wickedness of revenge among nations, of punishment inflicted on the wrong generation, of seeking security through the death of an ex-enemy nation, of the lingering brutalities of maintaining racial dominance at home or abroad through racial degradation, of the radical sin of failure to love one's neighbor across group boundaries. The church is "good;" but what it has still to do for human morality is to touch moral necessity, far below the level of sagacity: it needs the courage of its own function.

It must speak once more to the family of its duty, and remind the universities that their reports on education retreat from the one thing needful. It must speak to the economic order, unmindful of its own vested interests, and to the social order, unmindful of its own vested feelings and superiorities. It must recover the universality of its Master.

And it is for the man in the street to demand that the church do its duty. Its tax immunities are legitimate, provided it does what no other institution can do; if it fails they are not legitimate. But without that function, secular society loses one essential for its survival. For it is only religion which, finding the ultimate solitude of the soul for which all your sociabilities and amiable grimaces are husks, can create the unpurchasable man. And it is only the man unpurchasable by any society that can create a sound society. This is the paradox which leads even the political realist to set up bills of rights which the state must not trespass upon. And the society of unpurchasable men, with a moral anchor outside their own national life, is the only society that can beget world unity.



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"The Passion for Perfection"

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

TEN years ago this April, at April's end, died the most faultless writer in the English language of a type of stoical lyric that he had made entirely his own. He was the author of brief poems and of few. In one period of intense emotional and intellectual excitement he produced his best, in youth. But his later poems, and they came much later, preserved the fine essence of his art. He was a ferocious classicist; yet his poetry is romantic, and as fresh as growing flowers. Almost from the very first he possessed a style of his own. *Poeta nascitur, non fit.*

And perhaps no one will ever know what infinite pains he spent upon composition. In the present Jubilee Edition of "A Shropshire Lad,"* some of Mr. Weber's "Notes on the Poems" tell us a little, as Housman or his brother have told it before. For instance, the last poem in "A Shropshire Lad" has two stanzas that came easily into the mind of the poet on an afternoon walk, and "a third that came with a little coaxing"—but there was a fourth stanza that he wrote thirteen times, "and it was more than a twelvemonth before I got it right." He would never tell which stanza it was. You may have your own guesses. Then there are the original drafts and the changes. Today my friend, Charles D. Abbott of the Lockwood Memorial Library of the University of Buffalo, has collected many such drafts of their poems from many contemporary English and American poets, material that will enlarge scholarly knowledge of the poetic process in the future. To consider the process in such a perfect poet as Housman is fascinating. For instance, one of the most musical and freshly pictorial of his early poems is "The Merry Guide" (also one of the few to be given a title by him). One of the best verses in it is the ninth. Of this the first draft read:

By windy shires of woodland
With steeples dim-revealed,
And cloudy shadows racing
On all the endless weald,

Its final version is as follows:

By blowing realms of woodland
With sunstruck vanes afield
And cloud-led shadows sailing
About the windy weald,

"There is improvement," says his brother, Laurence Housman, "in every line and in every change of word." But how many of our younger poets would not have rested content with a version such as the first? One mark of a great poet is almost endless patience in revision. I have known one great poet, Elinor Wylie, who would keep the words of a new poem in her head for days if not weeks, endlessly and patiently testing every word, phrase, cadence, and rhyme, before she even transmitted her thought to paper. Today the botchery one reads is quite as endless. The patience of the true craftsman is simply not there.

A most famous verse of Housman's, from XIV of "A Shropshire Lad," is:

His folly has not fellow
Beneath the blue of day
That gives to man or woman
His heart and soul away,

Yet actually that surpassing second line read originally, "From Thulë to Cathay," and the stroke of genius was an eleventh-hour emendation. Again, "They carry unspoilt into safety the honor of man" was the original ver-

sion of the line "They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of man" in poem XXIII—a change in which, as Laurence Housman says, "one sees in a flash inspiration at work." Again, he has said, "Most of the finest of his poems came with most difficulty."

Mr. Weber has laboriously traced the number of anthology reprints of the various poems in this first book of Housman's, and the dates of first American printings. To the American poet, Witter Bynner, is due the honor of first presenting Housman to American readers in the pages of a magazine. This is how it happened, in Mr. Bynner's own words:

> Viola Roseboro, chief reader on *McClure's Magazine* when I went there in 1902, first introduced A. E. Housman's work to me. Soon after, Mr. McClure appointed me poetry editor of the magazine and agreed to the unusual procedure of printing in its pages, with Housman's permission, poems from a book already published. In this manner I was responsible for introducing the poet to America, in as much as his book at that time was practically unheard of. For years and years the little Lane edition went everywhere with me in my pocket and was read aloud not only to friends like Van Wyck Brooks but later, when I took up the lecture platform, to audiences all over the United States. "A Shropshire Lad" still seems to me the supreme book it seemed in my youth and surer of survival than any other poetry written in my time. It is all the great machinery of Greek purgation gathered into a dewdrop.

The hucksters in America took advantage of the little book. The first unauthorized edition appeared in 1902. Housman enjoyed no copyright in the United States. Mitchell Kennerley's "Authorized Edition" came out in 1907. Thomas B. Mosher of Portland, Maine, did as much as anyone to make the book known to Americans. But there were misprints in the first Mosher edition, and in the Henry Holt edition printed in America in 1922, though it was authorized, there were, according to the author, "disgraceful misprints." Housman never, however, objected to any kind of American edition.

The soldier point of view manifest in "A Shropshire Lad" has rarely been emphasized, yet the poems are full of the nostalgia and fatalism of the soldier. In fact, it was ineffably suggested by one of the directors of the firm that first published "A Shropshire Lad" (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Company) that Housman "make the whole affair into a romance of enlistment," and that there be "a design on the cover representing a yokel in a smock frock with a bunch of recruiting-sergeant's ribbons in his hat!" But when the, in some ways, unspeakable Frank Harris wolfishly congratulated Housman on the spirit of bitter sarcasm that Harris seemed to find in the last line of the first poem, "And God will save the Queen," Housman answered sharply:

> I never intended to poke fun, as you call it, at patriotism, and I can find nothing in the sentiment to make mockery of. I meant it sincerely. If Englishmen breed as good men as their fathers, then God will save their Queen. I can only reject and resent your—your truculent praise.

Housman's brother Herbert, much loved by him, was a soldier. He enlisted at twenty-one in the Queen's Royal Rifles and was killed in action in 1901. In "Last Poems," there is a poem, "Astronomy," that begins:

The Wain upon the northern steep
Descends and lifts away.
Oh I will sit me down and weep
For bones in Africa. . . .

Housman's deep friendship for M. I. Jackson, a fellow-clerk in the Patent Office in his early days, to whom Housman's "Manilius" is dedicated, has been told to us by A. S. F. Gow (New York: Macmillan: "A. E. Housman, A Sketch," etc.). It deeply affected his whole life. "Most of Jackson's life was spent abroad and in

* *A SHROPSHIRE LAD. By A. E. Housman. With Notes and a Bibliography by Carl J. Weber, Jubilee Edition. Waterville, Maine: Colby College Library.* 1946. 125 *pp.* $3.

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later life the two friends met only when Jackson was at home on leave, but their correspondence was kept up until Jackson's death in British Columbia in 1923." Housman stood godfather to one of Jackson's four sons. In London in those days Housman was unhappy and homesick for Worcestershire, for he was actually a Worcestershire lad, though he has said that the fact that the Shropshire hills formed "our western horizon" may have accounted for his sentiment toward that county. As an account of his nostalgia for his own home shire, read XLI in "A Shropshire Lad."

"What porridge had John Keats?" In the last weeks of 1895 a manuscript called "Poems by Terence Hearsay" was left with the London Macmillans. John Morley, their reader, advised against its publication. Alfred W. Pollard, suggesting a change of title, introduced the poet to Kegan Paul. Paul finally agreed that, if the poet would pay for the printing, he would publish. Five hundred copies were printed. The book was brought out in February 1896—hence the book now under review is the Fiftieth Anniversary Edition. One hundred and fifty copies of the first edition were sent to the New York office of John Lane. One of them was purchased by an unknown American poet named Edwin Arlington Robinson, another by an equally overlooked American woman poet, Louise Imogen Guiney, who immediately wrote an enthusiastic review. Despite the book's press, Kegan Paul desired the second printing still to be at Housman's expense. Nothing was to be allowed for meritorious performance. So the poet accepted instead the offer of Grant Richards, which involved no expense to the author. Despite a second good press, the book moved but slowly. The printing of some of the poems in *McClure's Magazine*, as I have shown, stimulated appreciation in the United States. The manuscript of "A Shropshire Lad" is now in our Library of Congress.

On this fiftieth anniversary of the publication of "A Shropshire Lad," the Colby College Library has opened a Jubilee Exhibition of copies of all the editions of the book now on its shelves. Its collection has been assembled over a period of years. "It was a happy day," says Librarian Gilmore Warner, "when Professor Carl J. Weber intimated his willingness to present to the library his extensive collection of 'A Shropshire Lad.' . . . If there is a finer 'Shropshire Lad' collection elsewhere, I do not know where it is." So here, in this book, as well as the correct text, is a checklist of the collection, a printing of tributes to Housman during the last half century, criticism, commentary, and textual exegesis. The portrait on the front of the wrapper is taken from Housman's passport photograph of 1894. This book should go up beside your "Collected Poems of A. E. Housman," A. S. F. Gow's book aforementioned, "My Brother, A. E. Housman," by Laurence Housman (Scribner's), and the "Recollections," by various people, published by Holt, which includes Katharine E. Symons's account of his boyhood.

A. E. Housman, as a poet and a scholar, could, in a sense, almost be called two separate beings. For his scholarship was severe in the extreme, sometimes ferocious, chiefly against wooden-headed German criticism. But his love of truth was, after all, the strongest of his passions. "In private life his serenity was seldom visibly ruffled." However, opposite the claim of C. D. Beck's *Index Euripideus* to be *Index accuratus et copiosus verborum formularumque omnium in Euripidis tragoediis*, etc., etc., Housman had "written in a large firm hand the words 'Liar and slave.'" Once in a fine poem ("The Knight Errant") Louise Imogen Guiney used the expression, "The passion for perfection." Such was, indeed, the chief characteristic of this poet, one of the most memorable and one of the most melodious of our time.

The G. I.'s Take to the Theatre

THE B.O.W.S. By Margalo Gillmore and Patricia Collinge. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 173 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD WATTS, JR.

SINCE my guess is that the craze for calling everything by initials has gone almost far enough, I'm afraid I had a certain mild advance prejudice against this account of Katharine Cornell's wartime European tour in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" merely because it is called "The B.O.W.S." In addition, it was my impression that narratives by popular actors about their adventures in bringing entertainment to embattled G.I.'s tend to be, no matter how worthy the actor, a little coy and embarrassing. On two scores, therefore, I owe Margalo Gillmore and Patricia Collinge a deep apology. Theirs is a warm, winning, and thoroughly delightful book, modest, decently sentimental, and honestly moving. In its unpretentious way, it is an endearing work, and one of lasting value.

The story Miss Gillmore and Miss Collinge have to tell is well known; at least among theatre people and, particularly, among the thousands of American soldiers in Italy, France, and Holland who saw Miss Cornell and her company in the popular play about Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning during the six months the players toured close behind the fighting fronts.

Everyone, save the actors, felt sure that a costume play about two distant poets of mature years would bore the G.I.'s into either insensibility or revolt, and, as the opening night approached, even the players began to have their doubts. Instead, however, of snoring or hooting at what *The Stars and Stripes* called "long-haired drama," the men loved it wherever it was played, even paying it an ultimate compliment which the book records lovingly.

Miss Gillmore was a member of the cast, and the book is based on the letters she wrote to Miss Collinge during her travels. It is a happy collaboration. The authors were not afraid to be sentimental or romantic or frankly hero-worshipping when they wanted to be, and neither tears nor the terror of being called hopelessly unsophisticated by scornful post-war critics daunted them. The result is that "The B.O.W.S."—I am still a little uncomfortable about that title!—has a brave, decent, straightforward quality in its emotion, its quietly dramatic storytelling, and its joy over the sense of a high adventure bravely carried off that makes it a book to be both loved and admired. Its very simplicity becomes beguilingly artful.

Essentially Miss Gillmore and Miss Collinge are concerned only with setting down, with complete humility, the story of one theatrical company, although an unusually distinguished one, among many that brought entertainment and momentary forgetfulness to lonely Americans in strange and tortured lands. It is true that there were touring groups that made disagreeable spectacles of themselves; actors who continued to be selfish and offensive exhibitionists even among men who were dying for them; stars who were clearly more concerned with having an adventurous junket than with giving service to their betters. These, however, were happily in an extremely small minority, and, on

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the whole, American actors and, especially, actresses brought glory upon themselves and upon their profession, in a manner the tour of "The Barretts" splendidly symbolized.

Being the wise book that it is, "The B.O.W.S." suggests at least two other points by implication. The first has a considerably wider application than to the theatre, and has to do with that widespread conviction, particularly among some of the loftier of the brass hats, that so serious a play as "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" could not possibly be appreciated by the humble American soldiery. In this underrating of the minds and emotions of the men under them, the higher-ups made a characteristic error, an error they insisted on repeating in many fields beyond that of entertainment. It was the same sort of underestimation, combined with a fear of reactionary and isolationist political pressure, which convinced them that the G.I.'s were incapable of, or uninterested in, serious thinking on any subject that seemed vaguely intellectual, such as the causes, the meaning, and the aftermath of the war in which they were fighting. As one result of this high-level conviction that American young men are emotionally and intellectually backward children, some pretty good-sized chickens are coming home to roost among the rebellious occupation troops in Germany and Japan.

The gentlemen in authority might have gathered some slight hint about their fellow-countrymen if they had contemplated the lesson of Miss Cornell's tour, but they didn't. It is to be hoped that the men in power in the theatre will be wiser, for they, too, received an important message from "The Barretts." As Miss Gillmore noted, most of the men who saw the play were seeing living actors on a stage for the first time; their entire experience with things theatrical was through the dubious medium of the motion picture. It has long been one of the great woes of the theatre that it has lost such vast potential audiences in recent years, particularly among the young, that it has ceased to be a genuinely popular American medium of expression. The one solace has been that the comparative few to remain with it have increasingly tended to be serious playgoers. Now, the triumphant tour of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" has revealed the existence not only of a tremendous new, untapped audience but one which has proved its interest in the good things of the drama. It is up to the theatre to see that it holds on to a body of playgoers which miraculously possesses both quality and quantity.

That the men of the American army took to the theatre with enthusiasm was evident in arenas of the global war unfortunately not reached by the Cornell company. In Hawaii and other islands of the Pacific the success of Maurice Evans's streamlined "Hamlet" was phenomenal. To our lonely aerie in Chungking there arrived, during my sojourn there, no play and no such lofty artist as Miss Cornell or Mr. Evans, but we did have such celebrated performers as Paulette Goddard, Ann Sheridan, Jinx Falkenberg, Pat O'Brien, and William Gargan, and the manner in which the G.I.'s welcomed them with a mixture of pleasure and critical shrewdness indicated that they, too, comprised a discriminating if inexperienced audience for stage performances. I'm sure they would have appreciated "The Barretts" as much as the men in Europe did.

I realize that you don't have to be interested in the relationship of the veteran to the post-war theatre to be delighted by "The B.O.W.S.," but it adds to the interest of a charming book.

Add Romance, and Serve

THE RIVER ROAD. By Frances Parkinson Keyes. New York: Julian Messner, Inc. 1945. 747 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS

FRANCES Parkinson Keyes, whose "Crescent Carnival" was a best seller, has produced another novel which is already sweeping up the gauge of the best seller list. She puts herself with this novel almost at the top of that category of women writers, Kathleen Norris, Temple Bailey, and possibly Helen Topping Miller, who are gold mines to their publishers and reach, at one bound, the widest possible reading public in America.

It is a group distinct from the more showy story tellers like Edna Ferber and, in the smart social field, Faith Baldwin. It shares in no way the varying trends in the American literary scene. These are novelists of no conflicts, either outer or inner. They are purveyors, and honest purveyors, of that broad American wish for good, not too complicated food, charming clothes, beautiful houses, and social assurance all nicely warmed to summer heat by the pleasant emotion they call love.

"The River Road" is so much a perfect example of this special kind of writing that it is a little hard to keep one's mind on the story. It is laid in one of those great old romantic houses

which still stand, often in ruins, along the Mississippi, and are seen glimmering in moonlight beyond the moss-hazed avenues of live oaks, speaking to the dullest of old drama. Such houses are natural settings for long novels, as the English have always known. They are naturals for best sellers like this, especially if all the glamor of their settings—the smell of jasmine, ladies in chiffon gazing down from the high galleries, gallant gentlemen riding out over the plantation, picturesque, happy, dark workers, banquets and balls and romantic illegitimacies—is exactly maintained.

Mrs. Keyes has chosen for her period not that war with which all this is generally associated, but the time between the First and the Second World Wars, when great families such as this one either went bankrupt or made their fortunes in the rising sugar market. She spent a long time studying the background of all this. She lived in one of those beautiful old houses and climbed around in sugar mills and asked questions in laboratories and rode through cane fields. She studied the boats going up and down on the river and the life of the small towns about, and she dug into Louisiana politics, so that she could put Huey Long into the story. She fills her narrative with a murder here and a suicide there and adds a very genteel illegitimacy, to spice the whole.

Everything about it is carefully presented. But it never comes real. It is a dream world of physical well-being. Its characters are standardized, from the aristocratic old grandmother to the modern-minded grandchildren, each introduced with the proper description, each ready to be hung with the reader's private imaginings. They are paper figures, seen almost in perpetual profile like Egyptian tomb drawings, figments in the great American fantasy of luxury. Readers who turn away from this sort of writing will never be convinced that it is literature.

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Strictly Personal

DATELINE DEVILMENT

A CHARACTER in one of New York's long-run musicals asks plaintively at intervals, "What the HELL are you doing?"

It is a question which might well be directed, with equal plaintiveness and at intervals of twenty-four hours, by the American public to the writers who are "interpreting" affairs abroad for newspaper readers in this country.

Even at present short range, there is rather general agreement that American journalism reached an all-time high in the work of the war correspondents during the past four years. Faced by communications difficulties, censorship, a military jargon whose major purpose seemed to be obfuscation, and the lightning scene-shifting of mobile land, sea, and air warfare, these writers were still able to send back honest, factual, lucid stories to what soon became the best informed home front in history.

Now that the war is over, however, events of even greater importance to our future are being relayed to newspaper readers (magazine editors apparently will not stand for such nonsense) by a sophomoric group of "experts" suffering from polysyllabic intoxication and foreign phrase fever.

One reads Nathaniel Peffer's "America's Place in the World" or the complacency-shattering "Modern Man Is Obsolete" and is aroused to the necessity for taking an intelligent interest in happenings outside the continental United States. He turns to *The New York Times* and finds, under a Rome dateline:

> Although the Communist speaker did not skirt the monarchical question as artfuly as his leader, Palmiro Togliatti, did last year, it was still noticeable that the Communists preferred to let it be assumed that they were the most rabid of republicans rather than come out on the record in the strongest possible terms.

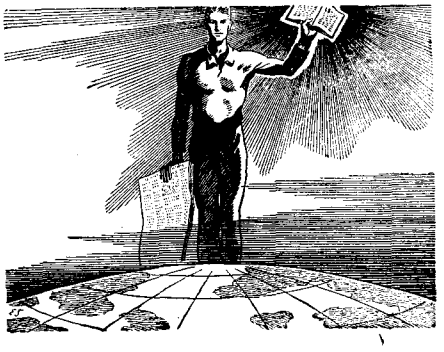
One shudders to think what would happen to a reporter who turned in such gibberish after covering a rally at Madison Square Garden instead of at the Palatine Stadium.

The same dispatch informs one that "the two important Center and Right-of-Center parties might have been described as an opposition in absentia." Might have been so described by whom? Not by any competent district reporter. He would have named the parties and said that they did not attend the meeting. He would have given the reasons in equally simple English.

Eschewing further research into Italian politics in favor of a better knowledge of the elements in the French election, the novice in world affairs picks up the *New York Herald Tribune*. He seeks out a story from Paris and discovers this gem:

> Christian principles, according to the movement's leaders, are the best model for human conduct yet evolved. Socialism is held to be the best political expression of these principles. The M.R.P. (Mouvement Républicain Populaire) is therefore Socialistic and revolutionary.

If this means anything—and don't give better than even money that it



does—it says that adherence to Christian principles is a revolutionary idea in France, a fact which would appear to merit more attention than a casual comment in a political article.

The same writer says that "Monsieur Bidault is the titular but not the official head of the party." Since "titular" and "official" are interchangeable in such a context, one is forced to the belief that what was meant is that Bidault is the nominal but not the real head of the organization. Two sentences later, however, another person is referred to as the "actual president." What then is Bidault's "titular" position? Chairman of the board? The dispatch never tells.

Why do editors accept—and print—such pompously overwritten tripe? The answer is in the editorial pages themselves, where the more persistent seeker after knowledge may hope to find enlightenment. Vain hope!

The same editorial writer who explains clearly—at times brilliantly—the domestic tax structure or Dewey's chances for the Presidency will, if given a subject outside the three-mile limit, first submerge himself in a welter of altpolitik, zaibatsu, and pari passu. His second step is to find four-syllable synonyms for all English words of less than nine letters. Finally, he takes a vow to write no sentence of less than thirty-eight words. The resultant smoke screen is more completely effective than any ever laid down by the destroyers of the United States Navy.

Leading candidates for Miss Editorial Adjective of 1945 are "Draconian" and "intransigent." It is hereby submitted that both words are utterly meaningless to the average newspaper reader. It is submitted further that a majority of the commuters from Westport or Montclair believe that the former has something to do with who wrote Shakespeare's plays and that the latter means transitory.

But, mark you, no single writer ever spoke of Mayor La Guardia's "Draconian" attitude toward gamblers. Nowhere can one find reference to the "intransigent" dock workers who tied New York harbor into knots. Some magic in the air over the Atlantic transforms "stubborn" strikers in Detroit or Hollywood into "intransigent" strikers in Belfast or Birkenhead. "Relentless," "inflexible," or just plain "severe" become "Draconian" when they cross the international date line.

The American public is being entreated by press, by educators, by government — more urgently than ever since something hit Hiroshima—to learn more of the world outside its doors—to seek, through knowledge, the common fellowship of man, to know the common dangers he must face. But that knowledge will be long in coming if the primary sources of information — the newspapers — continue to present exotic subjects in even more exotic language and to comment upon them editorially in words which require constant reference to an unabridged dictionary.

A recent letter from an American correspondent to his editor includes this paragraph:

> I have noted your suggestion to keep an eye open for good men and shall do so, but most of those I have met are war reporters. What are needed out here are political writers.

Perhaps. But what are needed back here, dear boy, are stories from men who do not say, "Regardless of their pigmentation or coloration under normal illumination, felines of all species, it has been learned authoritatively, have been found to be cinereous when the earth becomes enveloped in tenebrosity" when they mean "All cats are gray at night."

RALPH CHAPMAN

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WE CANNOT GO BACK

THERE is a deep suspicion in men's minds that the cycle of events in America that followed the First World War will be repeated in the next few years. This suspicion is responsible for most of the cynicism and the lack of enthusiasm with which so many of us greet the new world order whose representatives are now meeting in London. We believe in the necessity for permanent peace, for the U.N.O., for the Parliament of Man, for freedom and justice for all. But we look with despair at the now familiar pattern that unrolled from 1918 to 1938 when a Second World War became, in the minds of all thoughtful men, inevitable. Most of us know it by heart, for it has poisoned our lives and will continue to do so unless it becomes apparent, as it must soon, that history will not repeat what has been written only yesterday. We remember only too well what happened: the returning troops marching up our avenues, the crowds cheering for Woodrow Wilson abroad when for a time he seemed to hold the hope of the world in his hands, the return to America of a broken man, the rejection of the League of Nations, the growing disillusionment with the Versailles Treaty, the strikes, the first stock-market boom, the first recession, the days when all America gambled on a glorious prosperity that would never end, the crash, the depression, the era of utopian planning, the New Deal, isolationism, war.

Now that the Second World War has been won, sober men are already saying to each other, "It looks like the same old business," and superficially it does indeed look that way, though our minds are going ahead far too fast. The soldier still abroad or recently out of uniform appears to be as isolationist as his father. He has about the same opinions of England, France, and the conquered enemy. The Atlantic Charter's four freedoms which we learned to recite by heart seem to have become a legend to us and to a great part of the world, the wartime invention by clever men of slogans to give men ideals to fight for and to give hope to subject millions in Asia. The dismal spectacle of the failure of the first meeting of the U.N.O. after all the glorious oratory in San Francisco, the growing imperialism of Russia, the glimpses permitted us of the British fighting insurrectionists in Java to maintain the Dutch Empire, the confused struggle for power in China, our own determination to have a gigantic fleet and army and bases everywhere to protect our continent have shocked this country. We do not like the picture of a world dominated by three major powers, or five, if you please. We ask ourselves against what countries we are preparing to make our nation secure, what nations Russia fears? We have added to this the menace of the atomic bomb, and we do not believe that the men of our own State Department have the least faith that Russia, for example, will permit investigators from other countries to search through its factories for atomic secrets or the latest developments in the invention of weapons of war.

All of these negative thoughts, these fears are darkening and confusing our minds so that what has already been won and what may be accomplished seem to resemble the utopian dreams of the past from which the world has always awakened to the desolation of new wars. But what has already been accomplished is solid achievement. We have defeated our enemies who made war in the name of a deadly principle. We have established the principle of international law against aggressor nations and especially against individual war criminals, for we have recognized that it is men and not nations who make wars. We have created a new League of Nations, and this time America is in it, root and branch. We have created domestic laws that will help to prevent the financial excesses of the nineteen twenties. We are more awake than ever before to the cries of distress from nations across the oceans and to their appeals from injustice.

No, the pattern of the twenty-one years between the World Wars will not be repeated. If it should be, then our literature tomorrow would follow the cynical and destructive forms of the past. It cannot do so because the revolution in our habits of thought about ourselves has already been accomplished. It is no longer necessary to root out fragments of Victorian reticence and prudery. Writers no longer feel the need to convince our people that America is not a paradise of justice and nobility in a world of thieves. They fulfilled their appointed tasks thoroughly, those writers of the twenties and thirties, and in addition they gave America one of the greatest and most vigorous literatures in the world.

There is no sign in the heavens as yet of what elements our new literature will be made. But it is safe to say that it will not be destructive, that it will be creative. A new Southern writer will not, for example, try to destroy a legend, as did Erskine Caldwell and William Faulkner, because no one believes in the legend any longer. The Middlewest can no longer in our minds reflect the grim picture that Sinclair Lewis painted. Our new writers will be rebels perhaps, but they will attack not our ideologies and our way of life but injustices and racial conflicts wherever they find them. Neither in politics nor in literature can we turn back to the old forms. We must go forward, writer, citizen, and statesman, to new aims, new responsibilities toward ourselves and toward the world. H. S.

MERCY STROKE

Translated from the Chinese by Christopher Morley

I AM just sat down for lunch
When Mrs. Soft Heart next door
Comes me weeping in
With a sorely wounded robin.
"Poor thing, it was hurt by the cat.
Kill it for me, please, I simply can't."

It was warm and light in my hand
While I hunted for the axe
Which weighed extra heavy.
I measured for mercy stroke.
The mangled bird, precious to itself,
Saw the great edge poised,
Screamed a dreadful croak,
Looked me through and through
With damnation of the world.

Sickened, I cast away
(And twice; and heavy now)
The ruined flying thing
In its own forgetful thicket.
There is still a little stain
On the fresh white hurricane stump.

Lunch was not a success.
Must even I, for God's sake,
Be an Organization Todt?

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Reviewords

SIR: The reviewer, flaunting "protagonist,"
With whom Greek chanced to lag—or missed—
Should sit him down and wag a wrist
Through Webster's leaves—and bag the gist.

PEARL YOUNG.

St. Augustine, Fla.

War Plays in Wartime

SIR: In your issue of January 5th John Mason Brown quotes without reservation an argument based on "The Trojan Women's" being "the only great war play written in wartime." May I suggest that Aristophanes, as well as Euripides, was writing war plays during the Peloponnesian War? "The Acharnians," "The Knights," "The Peace," and "Lysistrata" are war plays and at least near greatness. Perhaps they are as near greatness as is "The Trojan Women."

(Miss) M. I. O'SULLIVAN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

The Will to Learn

SIR: In the December 1st issue a letter from Helen Davis stated that compulsory education is the only way to change the "ignorance and boredom and mental slothfulness of the vast majority of the people." It seems that no matter how much and how long people are compelled to be educated, they will absorb nothing unless they wish to learn. If the only way to prevent or put off the obsolescence of modern man is to expose him to the knowledge and understanding of greater minds, I think that the first thing to do is teach people to *want to have* that knowledge and understanding.

SYLVIA SHROGIN.

Los Angeles, Calif.

A Veteran Speaks

SIR: I was the communications sergeant of an infantry company that landed at Oran on November 8, 1942. I was a company commander in Italy when the Jerries quit in May, 1945. During that interval of time I was out of enemy artillery range exactly ninety-four days. Germans tried to kill me with artillery, machine guns, tanks, and planes, but through a succession of miracles I remained alive, and, unfortunately, was never wounded badly enough to be sent home. When the war was over there was one man in my original company that I had known when we landed in Africa.

I'm not trying to prove that I'm a hero, or that I deserve a bonus or a better job. I suffered for five years in the Army and two years in combat simply because I happened to be born at the right time to be drafted in October, 1940. I endured it simply because I had to, because there wasn't anything else I could do, but I don't like to hear draft-deferred people beat their breasts on the inhumanity of turning 70,000 good people of Hiroshima into water vapor. I've seen the Quartermasters handling the bodies of at least 5,000 good Americans, but they died only after being afraid of death for days or weeks or months, after seeing the mortar, the machine-gun, or the land-mine kill the man next to them. In combat, the brave and cowardly both die a thousand deaths.

I know that it won't be an infantryman who will complain about the oft-heard prophecy that the next war will be decided in a matter of hours. All that the atomic bomb will do is make dying for your country a little more democratic—you won't need to be of the right sex, or in the right age-group, or have 20/20 eyes the next time. What do you know, they might even get the physicists!

I realize that I'm no authority on world affairs because I can field-strip a BAR, or because I know the practise and theory of infantry tactics, as the use of a Geiger-Muller counter or a cyclotron doesn't automatically make a physicist a statesman, but if our Senators and Congressmen, our Hearsts and our McCormicks, the nice women of the D.A.R. who don't like Russia, the G.I.'s who hate the Limies and the Frogs, don't realize the truth of Sir Thomas Browne's statement, "It is in the power of every hand to destroy us, and we are beholding unto every one we meet, that he doth not kill us"—well, it was a pleasant planet while it lasted.

JAMES FRAZER.

Royal Oak, Michigan.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I'm not either aping the Emperor . . . I've got a bite."

Shall and Will

SIR: I beg to commend the letter in your issue of December 29th by Carl P. Rollins concerning the distinction between *shall* and *will*. The difference, as is well known, is that between command and simple futurity. If the human race is to lose that distinction it will be the indication of senility. I beg to call attention to the King James Version of Gals. 5:16 as follows:

> Walk in the spirit and ye *shall* not fulfil the lust of the flesh.

I listened to a sermon on that text in which the preacher interpreted *shall* as a command. The Twentieth Century New Testament translates:

> Let your steps be guided by the Spirit, and then you *will* never gratify the cravings of your earthly nature.

That is to say, live the active life of the Spirit, and it will follow as a natural consequence that you do not gratify or yield to the lusts of the flesh. It seems to me that this difference is worth mentioning.

(REV.) C. B. WILMER.

Tampa, Fla.

"Forget the War"

SIR: John Mason Brown's lucid remarks on the growing apathy of the public toward books and plays dealing with war subjects (SRL, Jan. 5) were, I thought, highly commendable.

We who have just recently returned from overseas and who are trying to express our emotions as we recollect our experiences of the last few years can agree heartily with him when he writes, "To erase the war from our minds because the guns have ceased firing is an act full of ingratitude no less than danger."

The public cannot afford to wait this time. The poet and playwright must speak of war now and they deserve to be heard while we still have the peace to win.

CHARLES C. COLE, JR.

New York, N. Y.

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A Satirist of Depth and Power

IT'S A LONG WAY TO HEAVEN. By Abner Dean. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1945. 131 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

HUMANITY is very much like any other animal; it licks its wounds, hunts for salt, and digs for roots in the winter. It deludes itself into thinking that necessities are pleasures and that pleasures—certain of them—are necessities. It confuses such things as love and lust, conquest and progress, charity and economic balance, death and fear. Half-drunk on what it deems to be wisdom, it has staggered to the edge of an abyss and fallen flat on its face. At this point a young man named Abner Dean has come along and, for the good of history, sketched the somnambulist, putting in all the details. Guard his book well; regard it long; remember that it is a portrait of yourself.

Mr. Dean is a great man. He has adapted a modern pictorial form to satire which has the flavor of Hogarth and Rabelais, the implications of Tibetan mysticism, and the hilarity of James Thurber. It is a moral book. It is a medieval treatise on the vanities of earth, in the modern manner of manuscript illumination, with marginal comments by Freud and Jung and temptations by Lucifer.

"Nobody will question Mr. Dean's skill as an artist," says Introduction-writer Mr. Wylie, who knows a truism when he sees it. No one will question Mr. Dean's knowledge of human frailty either, or his genius at symbology. His art of the backside is a revelation. No artist has ever expressed so much with so uninspiring a portion of anatomy. Dean is the Rembrandt of the buttock.

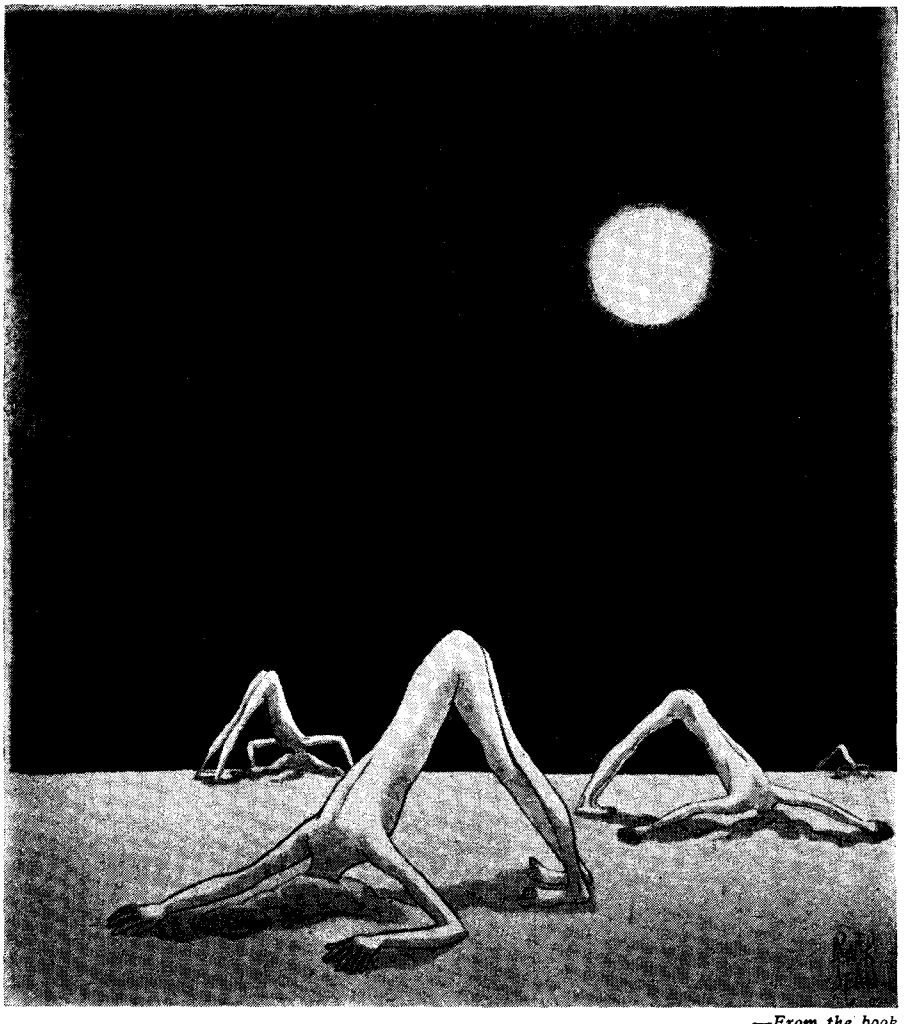
The drawings in "It's a Long Way to Heaven" have already caused controversy, as Mr. Wylie mentions in his introduction. Some of them appeared in a national magazine, and the fight was on. The obvious point is that in order to appreciate them you must first of all have a sense of humor which includes yourself. You must recognize that you and all other humans are foolish, ignorant, and given to childish wickedness. You must admit the truth of St. Gregory's observation that the greatest man is so far from God and so near to the least of men, that the greatest and the least are quite the same. If you accept all this you will instantly appreciate Abner Dean as a satirist of depth and power and sheer, unfettered delight.

Ordinarily it is possible to select a few favorites from a book of drawings, but this cannot be done with "It's a Long Way to Heaven." In the first place, although they are in no apparent order, the sketches present a sequence of man's declining and falling, his preposterousness, his intellectual shortsightedness, his emotional infantilism, his superstitious faith, his simple-minded courage, his cavernous ignorance, and his almost total ineptitude. Each drawing, also, is so excellent and so full of subtleties that it cannot be compared to any of the other drawings, being as separate from them as if born of a different artist. Yet the style is integrated, synthesized, like a literary form.

The figures are nude, for Dean's purpose would be hindered by costumes identified with periods or with frills capable of detracting from the symbology he reposes in eggs, flatirons, ribbons, books, pipes, beards, and an occasionaul phoney pair of wings. He has instead employed the flesh as clothing, allowing it to delineate by sag and sinew the horrendous disfigurements of the personality trapped within. There is nothing he cannot suggest by an infinitesimal variation of the sciatical periphery.

The titles of the pictures range from "Date With Destiny" to "The Futile Alibi." Among the truly powerful pieces are "Gregariousness," "Amnesia Victim," "The Age of Portable Intelligence," "The Ritual," and "Temporary Wisdom." The best is "The Miracle."

"These are the proper murals for hell," says Mr. Wylie, "because hell is a land where the great evildoer is rare and the population consists of nobodies—who did nothing—and are being punished for that profligate negation. These are also the suitable souvenirs for Saints." He is right.



—*From the book*

Return to Normal

Quiet Room

By Louise Townsend Nicholl

MUFFLED mesmeristic shock,
Sound of fire and of clock—
Time and being, voiced low,
Sheer existence burning slow.

Insulated and encased,
The soul has solitude to taste,
World of stillness far inclined,
Winter solstice of the mind . . .

Moving in its lovely orbit,
Metric as hexameter,
The quiet world which has for axis
Mystical diameter.

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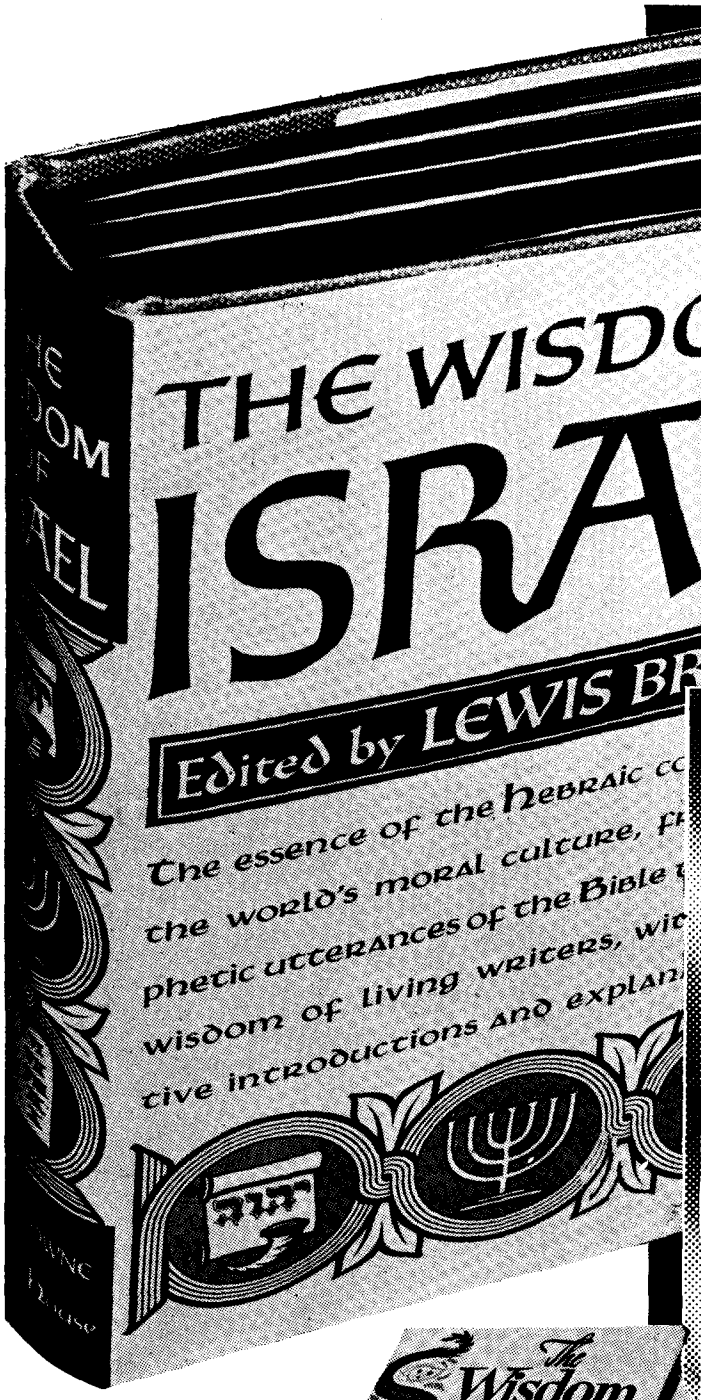
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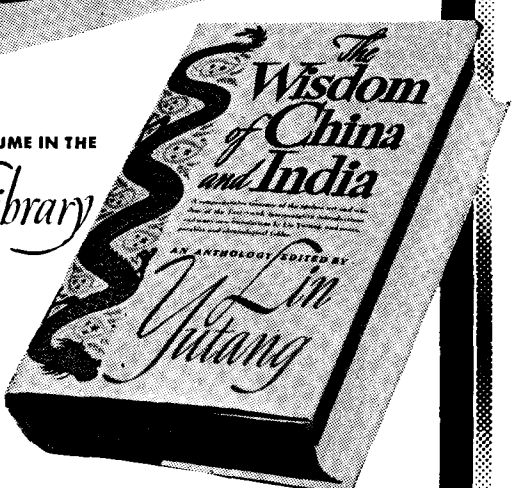

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TRADE Winds

BABES IN THE HOLLYWOODS

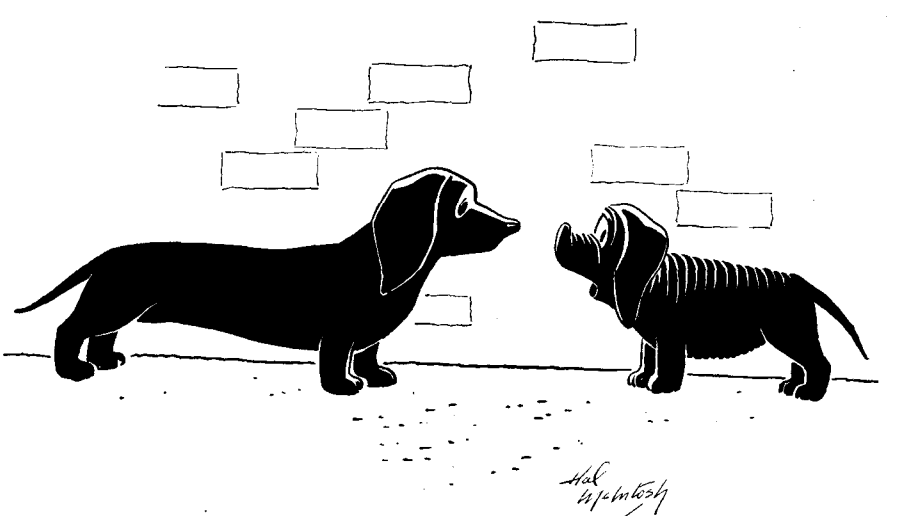
"THE LOST WEEKEND" not only is one of the finest pictures ever made in Hollywood, but its huge and unexpected financial success in every part of the country may persuade studio heads that their audiences aren't quite as dumb as is generally supposed. Many a fine story has been rejected on the grounds that its theme is "too daring" or "too advanced," and that "the public isn't ready yet for anything like this." "The Lost Weekend" will dispel some of those illusions—although I must admit that, the second time I saw it, the Rivoli audience showed an inexplicable tendency to find the grimmest scenes amusing; during the "hero's" heartbreaking trek up Third Avenue, for instance, they tittered loudly, and in the D.T. sequence (played so superbly by Ray Milland and Frank Faylen) their hilarity was unrestrained. Chronic drunkenness continues to be highly amusing, evidently, to anyone who hasn't had to cope with it in his immediate family circle.

"The Lost Weekend" will convince the public of something Hollywood insiders have realized for over a year: Charlie Brackett and Billie Wilder are at the very top of the heap as writer-producer-directors today, and their names on a film are akin to "Tiffany" on a piece of silverware. The picture also established Ray Milland as a ranking star, and he can offer thanks that James Cagney turned down the part when it was offered to him first. The author of the novel, Charles Jackson, remains as modest and thoroughly engaging as he was from the beginning. He is profiting from the foresight of his publishers, Rinehart and Company, who ruled out any reprint editions until the picture had run its course, and are selling the book in amazing quantities at the original price. Eventually, it is ticketed for a permanent place in the Modern Library, but the date is still highly uncertain. Jackson recently shone on the "Information Please" program, beating even John Kieran to the draw on some relatively obscure Shakespearean questions. Before the program opened, however, he was a bundle of nerves. "When I resisted the temptation then to reach for a tall one," he says, "I knew I was cured for good!" . . .

AT THE HEIGHT of the blitz, a famous director who tips the beams at something like two hundred and eighty pounds was accosted in Fleet Street by one of those pernickety females whose idea of patriotism was to heckle men in mufti, although they obviously were too old to be in the armed services. "Why aren't you at the front?" this one demanded truculently of the fat director. "Madam," he replied mildly, "if you care to take a look at me sideways, you'll see that I am." . . . A producer was unable to attend his out-of-town opening. He sent Dick Maney with orders to wire immediately after the curtain was rung down. Maney's message read, "Running pants are indicated." . . . Leon Turrou, who wrote the trail-blazing "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," is now a major, investigating war crimes in the Frankfurt area. Once people scoffed at his sensational charges, all since proved true. The screen version of his book, directed by Anatole Litvak, is still banned in the Argentine. . . .

THE HIGHLIGHT OF "Tars and Spars" is an amusing travesty by Sid Caesar, in the Danny Kaye manner, on typical air-force films. The producers had their nerve leaving it in, because their own picture is infinitely more hackneyed than anything scored by Mr. Platt. . . . More disappointing than "Tars and Spars" because it is more pretentious is "Adventure," the picture that serves to re-introduce Clark Gable, with Greer Garson as co-star. This picture, unfortunately certain to make millions, shows the MGM studio at its worst—technically slick, beautifully photographed, but chock-full of the phoniest dialogue and most ludicrous situations you will see on the screen all year. . . . Adrian Scott's "Cornered" is the kind of picture I like: tense, fast-moving, full of thrills. The hero, as is usual in exhibits of this genre, is a perfect imbecile who walks cheerfully alone into a dozen obvious traps from which he couldn't possibly emerge alive. In this case, however, there is some excuse for him: he's been banged about a lot in the war. The dénouement, which takes place in Buenos Aires, will serve as a model, I suppose, for a dozen other cops-and-robbers plots. . . . The first new French film to be shown here since the war, "It Happened at the Inn," is one of the very best. Bosley Crowther describes it perfectly as "combining the gay caprice of 'You Can't Take It with You' with the ferocity of 'Tobacco Road.'" . . . The three pictures of the year that I enjoyed most thoroughly remain "The Lost Weekend," "Anchors Aweigh," and "Pride of the Marines." . . .

WILLIE WYLER, the director who made the memorable documentary "Memphis Belle," as well as such outstanding pictures as "Dodsworth," "Wuthering Heights," and "The Little Foxes," was born in a little town on the old French-German border. During the First World War, it was taken and retaken time and again by the opposing armies. The harassed citizens greeted the American forces who occupied the town in 1919 with particular joy. Wyler, then a scraggly kid in short pants, remembers standing in the main street, furiously waving a home-made American flag as the first Yanks marched into view. Twenty-six years later, Wyler revisited this town for the first time—as a colonel in the American Army, with the natives cheering *him!* The driver of his jeep, incidentally, was the young brother of Ernest Hemingway. . . . In the Cub Room recently, an uninhibited writer observed a diamond-laden, beminked



"I ran smack into a door."

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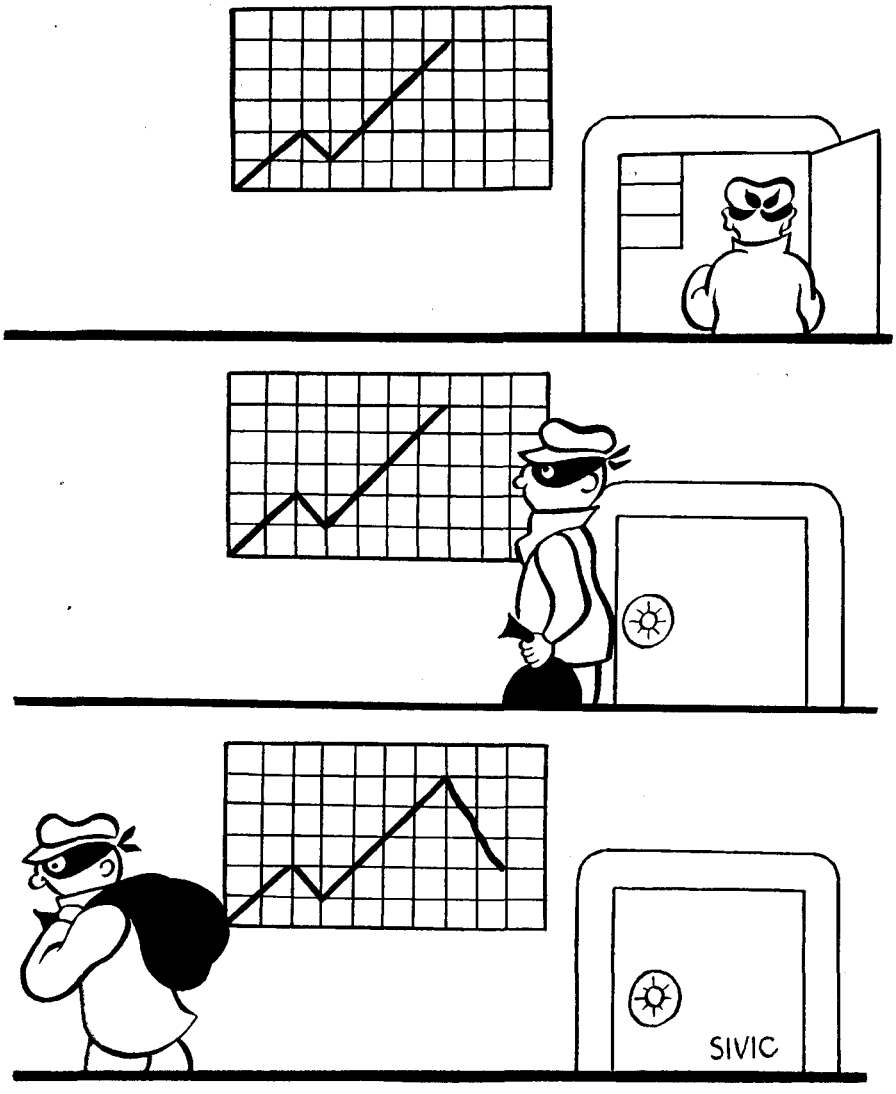

female who swept past a dozen people waiting for tables, and loudly demanded immediate attention. The writer tapped her on the arm and said, "Pardon me, madam—but are you anybody in particular?". . .

"THE HARVEY GIRLS" is a gay and lavish musical that strangely neglects to utilize any of the glamorous history of the actual building of the Santa Fe Railroad. Any one of the dozens of rich stories that Jim Marshall tells in his book would have improved the picture immeasurably. I wonder also why picture companies release their song hits so far ahead of the pictures that feature them. The big production number of "The Harvey Girls" is "The Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe," so played to death in the past six months that it now has lost most of its tang. The same thing happened to "The Trolley Song" and "Accentuate the Positive."

And here I am reminded of a George Gershwin anecdote I told in "Try and Stop Me." He played his new songs at so many parties while a show was in rehearsal that George Kaufman had to warn him, "If you play that score once more before we open, people are going to think it's a revival." . . .

IN THE EARLY 1930's, when the heads of Paramount changed as frequently as a Park Avenue traffic light, Mr. B. P. Schulberg was replaced suddenly by a man whose ability was unquestioned but whose physical stature was not exactly herculean. In fact, he would have come about shoulder-high to Fiorello La Guardia, and never had to pay a nickel to ride in the subway. He just walked under the turnstile.

Mr. Schulberg's wife was an important agent, representing some of the biggest stars on the Paramount lot, and in that capacity she was compelled, very much against her will, to visit the office that once had been her husband's. She was duly announced by an embarrassed secretary, and entered the sacred chamber, getting angrier with each of the three steps she had to descend in the process. "Well," she declared to the man who awaited her, "when my husband occupied this office, he at least had the courtesy to stand up when a lady entered."

The new executive stepped out from behind his desk. "Damn it," he said, "I *am* standing!" BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

IF there's going to be any battle of wits on this page between MAX SHULMAN and Bennett Cerf, I want to be repartee. Let me just clear myself—I hate winter, except as described by Kenneth Roberts, and Martha's Vineyard is the last place I would have gone. Actually I was in Midriff, Florida, attending that classic, **The Zebra Derby,** which was held this year in the Punch Bowl. On my way back I stopped off at Booneville, Missouri, which is where I picked up the corn. Nice place, Booneville—SHULMAN's birthplace as a matter of fact.

* * * *

I wasn't just slinging adjectives when I described **The Ciano Diaries** two columns back. The opinions expressed and the scandals unearthed in that book fairly shriek from its pages. This isn't just another "inside story" written by some correspondent who barely got his nose inside and didn't like the smell. This book is a guided tour through the mind demoniacal. In it the chief figures in the world's biggest rat-race are deloused by one of their own in-laws, a man who was later liquidated for his trouble.

Before this intellectual cheetah, CIANO, was executed, he wrote and reported innumerable comments, observations, and consternations which make fabulous reading. Witness these ditties:

"A convoy of seven ships left for Libya, accompanied by two 10,000-ton cruisers and ten destroyers. . . . An engagement occurred, the results of which are inexplicable. All, I mean ALL our ships were sunk."

OR—" 'Frau Goebbels was first married to a crook, and earned money through prostitution. Goebbels married her one night when he was drunk.' "

OR—" 'Among the cemeteries,' says Mussolini, 'I shall some day build the most important one of all, one in which to bury German promises.' "

At the point of death in his Verona Jail cell, CIANO felt that he had been honest. In retrospect he was glad the diaries, written for his own use, would now be hidden from the Germans and given to the world. I'm glad they were too. It lets us know what the hub of a psychopathic system is like. And we had better profit from that knowledge.

paul

DOUBLEDAY

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Seeing Things

AS IT ONCE WAS

WHY can we not always be young, and seeing 'The School for Scandal'? This play used to be one of our great theatrical treats in our early play-going days. What would we not give to see it once more, as it was then acted, with the same feelings with which we saw it then?" William Hazlitt was only thirty-seven when, having sat before a revival of the comedy at Covent Garden with Fawcett as Sir Peter and Mrs. Dobbs as his Lady Teazle, he dashed off this lament.

Surely thirty-seven is no age at all. To me at least it seems no more than a synonym for unborn Persian lamb. Not that I pretend to be a graybeard. Or look forward to becoming one. Being only eight years older myself, I refuse to turn Nestor or to reach as yet for the make-up of Polonius.

Yet all of us—some sooner, some later—stumble upon the age of disenchantment when what *is* cannot compare in this or that respect with what *was*. At least in our eyes.

The oculists are wrong. We may visit their offices and they may test our vision through the years, finding it ailing or perfect according to their lettered signs, their dark rooms, and their lenses. Yet as usual, science tells no more than half the story. We don't see with our eyes. Not entirely. Our vision is as much the product of our emotions as it is of our retinas, our corneas, and optic nerves. This is where Hazlitt was right, beyond an eye-man's quarrelling, when he confessed that he would give . . . well, almost anything to see "The School for Scandal" with the *feelings* with which he first saw it.

None of us can pretend to find in the best productions we attend as adults the same wonder we felt when, in our youth, we sat before our first plays. Being allowed to go out after dark is in itself no longer an adventure. We do not picture ourselves as Marco Polos because night does not find us safe at home. We do not dig our hand into the hand of the person with us, for moral support, as we did when, accompanied by a grown-up, we were first enveloped by the night. The night now is just a later part of the day, when the children are asleep. It may make the world new, but has ceased to be a new world in itself.

Our eyes do not widen as they did when in each lighted street lamp we discovered a minor moon. Our breathing does not quicken at the mere sight of windows we had seen only when the sun was up. By daylight they had been no more than glass; accepted breaks in walls of brick or stone. In the darkness we had stumbled upon the exciting fact that these windows, too, shone as lights. They had become proofs that strange buildings, which we could have sworn had only exteriors, possessed unsuspected depths and contained, each one of them, a life of its own.

We are still happy when, nowadays, we at last reach a theatre. The getting there, we must admit, has become a chore, to put it mildly. So has the getting home. Once there, however, the glittering marquee has ceased to win from us more than a passing glance. We no longer feel a kind of happy snow-blindness in its presence. It does not dazzle us by its unbelievable brightness. Or put to shame the most radiant Christmas tree we had ever seen.

The foyer does not lead as inevitably as it did to a new universe where everything is magic, and each man, woman, and envied child "up there" a magician. Though, as we nudge in, we are pushed about more violently than we remember, we do not lunge forward quite as eagerly as we did. We remain agitated by the dread of being late. We loathe with a passion those who do not share this anxiety, and who are both inconsiderate and exhibitionist enough to make a point of tardiness. Still we have more patience than we had. We can wait a little. What is more we are aware that "they" can wait, too. The chilling fear we once had that "they" would start ahead of time has left us.

The dimming of the houselights continues to be for us one of the most blissful moments of suspension this world knows. It is a signal which halts our own lives, putting them in abeyance. It is the moment when the miracle, which is always possible, may occur again. Yet the curtain, formerly so emphatic an invitation to enchantment, is no longer bound to offer us —just because it is a theatre curtain —a passport to a realm beyond our dreams. Although it still functions as a magic casement, affording what may be the finest of enthralling views, all too often we have known it to open on fairylands forlorn not to eye it with doubts.

Strong as our love for the theatre remains, and almost unlimited as are the pleasures it can give us at its most mesmerizing, still our affection is different. It is more demanding; deeper; as jealous as only informed taste can make it. The schoolboy infatuation is over; the puppy love forgotten. We know something about the stage now. About life, too. At least we think we do. Our being different would be bound to make the theatre different even if, fortunately, it were not different anyway from the theatre we first knew.

We bring memories to it, and hopes raised by what we have seen it do, where once we brought only astonishment and surrender. We now find, instead of lose, ourselves in the theatre. Our attitude is critical, which means that, if we challenge the theatre, it also challenges us. We enjoy a give-and-take in its presence where our first delight was only to give. Rather than exhaling wonder, we seek now to feel our thoughts and think our feelings. We appraise what is being done in terms of how it tells us it should be done. We see what we see with a vision that is bifocal instead of through rose-colored glasses.

We judge each deed by the ideal it has itself evoked. We are as interested in the shortcomings of this or that offering or performance as we are by its virtues. Our anger at what we believe to be unworthy of the theatre is the measure of our respect for it. We are conscious of make-believe where once we thought there was only truth. We esteem those who can transcend the limitations of the medium, though at the outset we never suspected the presence of a medium. Or if we did, certainly none of its limitations.

Our early ignorance may have been blissful yet our later knowledge has provided the truer bliss. Although it is sad none of us are as young as we once were, it would be sadder by far had we remained so. Do not mistake me. I do not look back to the days of my own initiation as being the good old days. The good old days were twenty years ago, five years ago, last season, and last night. They may be with us again tonight or next week, and assuredly they will be in the years to come.

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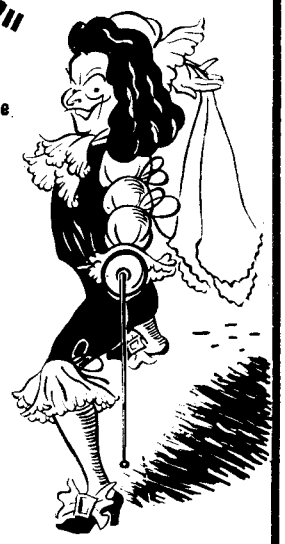

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Even so, there is one respect in which the theatre has lost its enchantment for me, including the enchantment I knew in it as a mature person. I do not have in mind actors or actresses, playwrights, dancers, stage settings, or the work of directors. At their best fascination is undimmed. I am thinking of first-nights. And not really of them as such but of the audiences that nowadays assemble for them.

Regardless of the people out front, a first-night in New York has an excitement of its own. It can be cruel. It can be arctic in its chill or misleading in its warmth. As a final test, it can be palpably unfair. Yet it remains the supreme hour of judgment. It is the H-Hour and the D-Day of every production. It can claim something of that same fateful, death-inviting, or victory-bringing fascination.

The landscape of New York first-nights is not what it was for me. I cannot deny this. Although I still go to the same theatres, their interiors have changed. I do not mean architecturally, in spite of the fact that some have been remodeled, others refurbished. Their chief alteration is a different audience.

I still find many good friends, some new, some old, sitting in the aisle seats. Seeing them is always agreeable. To me they are an essential part of the theatre. There are certain faces, however, that I find myself looking for unconsciously at every opening. And looking for in vain. Their going took a lot with them.

I miss Aleck Woollcott and his operatic entrances. I miss Heywood Broun waddling bear-like up the aisles. I miss Percy Hammond sitting like a red-faced Roman emperor. I miss Bob Benchley's great heart-warming laugh. In itself it was one of the merriest of shows. I miss Gil Gabriel, with his twinkle or his scowl, and his reviews written in advance by the expression on his face. I miss Brooks Atkinson, who is assuredly one of the rare people of this earth. And I can never get used to a world, in or out of the theatre, where John Anderson can no longer be found.

I also miss the audiences that were. I mean the audiences that used to go out of habit to the Empire; that flocked to the Plymouth for Arthur Hopkins's productions; that Winthrop Ames brought forth; that Gilbert Miller, Sam Harris, and Mr. Ziegfeld could muster; that the Theatre Guild collected in its early days; that went down to the Provincetown or the Neighborhood; that christened "Pins and Needles"; and that jammed the Mercury for its opening.

I do not mean society audiences. They can be pure poison, as anyone

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knows who has survived a benefit. I mean audiences that stand for something; that are representative of both the arts and the community. I mean people who have some professional right to be there and who, by being present, grant the theatre the importance it merits. I mean enthusiasts who have come because they could not stay away; men and women to whom the theatre matters and whose judgment matters to the theatre. I mean people who if they are not pleasant to look at are at least interesting to see.

That the best of the older audiences included its side-show artists and its catarrhal calliopes, I am not foolhardy enough to deny. There were freaks in those days, too. Lady authors in one box who did profiles in all directions before waving to lady authors in a box across the theatre. And movie stars who behaved as if they were still in Hollywood. And dumb-clucks. And cheap playboys with their molls. And doubtless gangsters. But the better openings, with their better audiences, had about them the sense of an event, which is now missing.

Today's audiences are quite different. Why producers collect them (because they can be incredibly hostile as at the opening of "Pygmalion") is as mysterious as where they find them. There must be better lists for self-respecting producers to draw from. The city cannot have sunk that low. Neither can the human race. A few of the non-reviewing fraternity continue to go to first-nights with their old fidelity. Several interesting new faces are seen, or at times a sufficient number of the familiar faces to suggest something of the gala feeling of the pre-war premieres. But more often than not these current first-nighters are merely present without justifying their presence. Although some of them dress to the teeth, they do not dress a house.

They suffer, as their predecessors did, from the eternal sin of first-nighters. They come to be seen as much as they do to see. But they are not worth the seeing. In appearance they are ugly and ignoble. It is depressing to look at them and realize that each of them once represented an act of ecstasy. It is even more depressing to realize that they are invited to preside in a courtroom where both artists and an art are on trial for their lives. Their faces make us tremble to remember that Dr. Johnson insisted the drama's laws, the drama's patrons give. If I were a manager, I would change my first-night lists at once. Who knows? Then all of us might go to openings with the same *feelings* we once brought to them, and which they deserve.

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The Labyrinth of Labor Law

LABOR POLICY OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT. By Harold W. Metz. Washington: The Brookings Institution. 1945. 284 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SAUL CARSON

THERE is not a word in the United States Constitution forbidding a motorist to drive on the left side of an interstate highway built with federal funds. It is true, also, as Harold W. Metz points out, that the Constitution "makes no direct grant of authority to the national government to regulate labor." In the one case, no one cares. In the other, the fact has been used for many purposes. Mr. Metz chooses to employ that point as a starting point for a legalistically tortuous interpretation of labor law in the United States.

Labor law and its interpretation by many, often overlapping government agencies and by the courts is, indeed, labyrinthine and complex. If the existence of the maze is welcome to some legal minds, it can contribute only to the greater confusion of the layman honestly interested in a study of a body of statutes and practices affecting every wage and salary earner in the country. Such a layman might be excused for expecting clarity of view from a study on the subject published by the Brookings Institution. His irritation should also be understood if, instead, he receives nothing but a heavy dose of punctilious obfuscation. Furthermore, the lay reader might be forgiven for resenting the fact that the author, despite disclaimers to the contrary, is something less than unprejudiced.

Metz observes all of the amenities of pure, objective analysis and description. But there is a lifting of the eyebrow through a chapter heading, a note of pious horror in a sub-head here and there. One feels somewhat uncomfortable to discover that labor law is intended to protect labor. Somehow it doesn't seem right that under such law sanctions are "rarely applied against labor" and that government has gone so far as to attempt to "coerce" employers to submit labor disputes to arbitration. As Metz builds the case, there is an inescapable desire to shudder at the thought that the National Labor Relations Act "reduces the need for strikes." And no matter what one thinks of the wisdom of establishing a Fair Employment Practices Committee, one is absolutely amazed to discover that the F.E.P.C. "considers the elimination of discrimination an end of itself."

The author does manage to go through the ordeal without pulling the rabbit of "due process" out of his green bag. Neither does he threaten to weep over labor law's violation of what Justice Holmes called "that innocuous generality"—"liberty of contract." Which is all to the vast credit of Harold Metz.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

SOME CHARACTERS NAMED TOM

In this week's quiz, suggested by Margaret Schorr, of Brooklyn, there are briefly described 20 characters named Tom. Can you give their other names? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 32.

1. An Irishman in the French army, he was personally decorated by Napoleon.
2. He was a football hero and head of the school at Rugby.
3. A beggar boy, he sat on the throne of England.
4. An ex-whaler, he flourished a harpoon on board a man-of-war.
5. This bank robber escaped in the guise of a black-faced comedian.
6. This foundling was left in the bed of a wealthy country gentleman.
7. He was born in a rough and tough mining camp.
8. He was one of three mutineers marooned on Treasure Island.
9. His eyes shrivelled and dropped out when he peeped at a noted rider.
10. This architect's apprentice played the organ in the village church.
11. He was the fun-loving member of a trio of adventurous brothers.
12. This writer was nicknamed "Sentimental Tommy."
13. He devised a labor-saving method of whitewashing a fence.
14. This tinker played the Wall in a performance of Pyramus and Thisbe.
15. This boy wonder invented a photo-telephone and many other things.
16. After every beating by his schoolmaster he drew skeletons on his slate.
17. He was the midshipmite of *H. M. S. Pinafore.*
18. He was drowned during a flood on the Floss River.
19. A Negro slave, he was beaten to death by his cruel master.
20. The devil set him up in the money-lending business.

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- "The new age of alchemy has not only substituted nuclear energy of the atom for the nuclear energy of the individual man; it has substituted government for God."
- "By a curious reversion men may come increasingly to seek compensation and spiritual security from the frustrations and boredoms of a push-button world, in the contemplation or pursuit of some hereafter."
- "What function labor organizations will serve in the atomic age is doubtful, and in most countries they have already become a form of government monopoly, operated mainly for purposes of political stage setting or choral activity."
- "Military life may lose much of its appeal as an amusement, pastime, or 'escape' mechanism with the coming of permanent peace, or under the menace of the atomic bomb, and in the modern war most men get little chance to fight, anyway; but it may still serve as a kind of disciplinary device or activity program which could help to banish boredom and make busy work for the masses."
- "The frame of the future does not include the free competitive world market for voluntary exchange of raw materials and manufactures which built the British Empire and the prosperity and depressions and wars of the machine age. The chemical age has dissolved it and the atomic bomb has vaporized it."

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IN distinguishing between "engineering" and musical performance, this department has entered upon a controversial subject and has been the recipient of a couple of brickbats already. I must state my position on a question which will certainly not be settled once and for all by any efforts of this department or a hundred like it, but which as I see it has considerable interest and importance for the record buyer.

It is not often that two so utterly different fields as that of what may loosely be called sound engineering and that of the art of music are forced into such a vital relationship as that between engineer, producer, and artist in the recording and broadcasting of music. Misunderstandings are inevitable, and may I hastily and sincerely add to last week's comment, that the fault is often with the musician. If the musician's product is sometimes misrepresented or misdirected, the musician himself is all too often unaware of the very great problems the engineers must face, nor does he always seem to care one way or the other, so long as his own performance pleases him.

But this department is not out to step on toes or to place blame. It recognizes that complete understanding and coöperation between engineer and musician is absolutely essential not only to good broadcasting and recording, but to the art of music as a whole, since electrified music will continue to occupy a larger and larger place in it; it feels that the best way in the long run to promote that understanding is to bring the various factors to the attention of the record buying public, which is so often unwittingly guilty of unfair judgments against both engineers and musicians.

And in engineering no less than in music these factors are largely matters of judgment rather than fact. If the exact tempo and phrasing of a piece of music are matters of opinion, so is the exact placement and control of a microphone. Constructive criticism has long since proved of real value in the arts.

If the invasion of the engineering field on the part of critical opinion is an unlooked-for innovation, I can do no more than apologize for the offense, and ask both professional engineers and musicians who are interested to give me the benefit of their ideas, which I will be more than glad to quote in the interests of the record consumer.

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Three Views of Germany

THE LESSON OF GERMANY. By Gerhart Eisler, Albert Norden, and Albert Schreiner. New York: International Publishers. 1945. 222 *pp.* $2.50.

THE GERMANS IN HISTORY. By Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein. New York: Columbia University Press. 1945. 584 *pp.* $5.

GERMAN EDUCATION AND RE-EDUCATION. By Susanne C. Engelmann. New York: International Universities Press. 1945. 147 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by HANS KOHN

IT would be difficult to imagine two guides to German history written in a more widely different spirit than the first two of these three books. The first is the work of three Communist authors; its value consists mainly in the presentation of the Communist point of view, which it is so important at present to understand. Of its 222 pages only twenty are devoted to the period before 1848. Following the present party line, the authors pin the war guilt on the whole German nation. "When apologists for Germany seek to exonerate the German people of moral guilt in the Nazi war by evoking the heroes of the German underground, they commit a dangerous mistake. The great mass of the German people rejoiced in the Nazi victories, participated in the outrages, profited from their booty, or passively tolerated their barbarous rule. That is why the German underground did not come to the aid of the other peoples; its own people had rejected it, and even those Germans who sympathized with it displayed merely platonic sympathies."

Of Prince Loewenstein's 584 crowded pages, more than 250 are dedicated to the period before 1848. There are chapters on "Dante and the Seamless Robe," on "The Categoric Imperative," and "The Spirit of World History." Germany is here proclaimed once more as "the heartland of Europe, the country whence came the forces that took up the Roman heritage to perpetuate it through millennia." Such a view will be dangerous to the German future. It subjects the Germans and their dreams to the myth of the inheritance of Rome, a myth which has been responsible for so much of Germany's past errors and catastrophes. Germany is here proudly opposed to the West, while in reality Germany's salvation can only be to learn humbly from the West, to change her political ideas and her social structure according to Western standards, and no longer to regard herself as the "vessel of the Occidental idea." The author, who is a fervent Catholic, nevertheless embraces as fervently Bismarck's Prussification of Germany. He can even write without smiling that Bismarck "without radical phrases, without the soap-box democracy which he detested, was the initiator of social democracy." Truly, there is a wide gulf in the understanding of the word democracy, not only between the West and Russia, but also between the West and many non-Fascist Germans.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
ACCIDENTS DO HAPPEN *Miles Burton* (Crime Club: $2.)	Violent deaths decimate English country family. Desmond Merrion is on scene but confession solves all.	Enough casualties to suit most gory-minded reader. Interesting background and characters. Assorted sleuths all baffled.	Sanguinarily boring
DEAD ON ARRIVAL *George Bagby* (Crime Club: $2.)	Four deaths in strange brownstone in N. Y.'s East Fifties perplex Inspector (Tenderfeet) Schmitt no end.	Lots of excellent atmosphere and three fantastically engrossing characters—but finish is unconvincing and tale gets rather tiresome.	Disappointing
THE SHAPES THAT CREEP *Margerie Bonner* (Scribner's $2.)	Murders involving search for hidden money solved by young professor and wife on Vancouver coast. Ends in a complicated exercise in cryptography.	Familar innocent couple with an attraction for corpses make police look silly. Scatter-brained cute female exclaims "gosh whops" at intervals.	All right if you can take it. Infuriating, if you can't

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Infinitely less ambitious but much more helpful is the little book by Doctor Engelmann. It discusses with competence and good judgment the educational methods in the German Empire, in the Weimar Republic, and under Hitler's regime. It should be read by all those who wish to discuss the problems of German education, and who so often do it without any knowledge of the educational development of modern Germany. In a final chapter Miss Engelmann turns to the outlook on educational reconstruction after the German defeat. She believes that the Christian churches will be among the strongest forces to rebuild education in Germany. As Miss Engelmann points out, there exists the double task of educating the children and of educating their teachers and parents at the same time. "There will be no other way out of this dilemma than the one taken by Russia in the twenties of this century: restricted educational facilities until a new generation of teachers has been trained that can be trusted. This may seem hard for a country with its centuries-old tradition of higher education, but it is certainly preferable to a repetition of the situation of the last years of the German Republic when teachers helped to undermine the state." The author's trust in the German churches might be too great, but on the whole her sane little book can be recommended as a serious approach to a serious and difficult problem.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 137

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 137 will be found in the next issue.

THHZ XGVLF HE EBDSK, UJDQJZ BDQ PD-GBZFG. UGJK BZJ UGJ JDJLK UH WVUUJZDJFF BDQ ZJCZJU, BDQ FXJJUJD UGVF JYVNJ XJ GBMJ WZHPCGU PTHD HPZFJNMJF. —QBTGDJ QP LBPZVJZ— ZJWJSSB.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 136

FATE LAUGHS AT PROBABILITIES.

—EDWARD LYTTON—
EUGENE ARAM.

A Working Faith in Freedom

SYSTEMATIC POLITICS. By Charles E. Merriam. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1945. 345 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by H. M. KALLEN

CHARLES MERRIAM is in his seventies. Son of the postmaster of a small Iowa town, he learned about politics as a child and made the study of it his vocation as a man. During nearly half a century he has taught political science in one of the most strident and lively of our American institutions of higher learning, the University of Chicago. The works and ways of this university have not been those of the conventional ivory tower. In spite of Veblen's strictures, which made the higher learning the hire learning, a professor could be a man and a citizen without losing academic face. Philosophy, the-

ology, education, economics, and sociology took new turns there because men like Dewey and Mead and Ames and Veblen refused to keep their doctrines and disciplines issues of books and made them issues of life.

If political science also received a new turn, it is due in no small degree to Charles Merriam. In that company it was hardly possible that he should not come to believe that a political scientist should know politics at first hand, that neither Aristotle nor Marx can be a substitute for experience nor dialectic for observation and measurement. Merriam early went into politics—T. V. Smith, Harold Lasswell, Paul Douglas have been keeping up the practice. He has twice been an alderman of the city of Chicago; he has been reform candidate for mayor; like Harold Ickes, he has been a leading Bull Mooser; he has served as advisor to municipal and other governments; in both the Hoover and the various Roosevelt administrations he has served on a variety of commissions—from administrative management and public service personnel to the planning of national resources. When Merriam talks about politics it may be assumed that he knows what he is talking about.

"Systematic Politics" strikes me as a sort of reprise of what Merriam knows. Often it seems a repetition of the aperçus and arguments of earlier —and perhaps better—books; often it formulates afresh directions and perspectives taken long ago. Avowedly a study of the devices of control by which human beings who are different from each other endeavor to live together with each other, Merriam calls these devices government, public and private, recognizes that they are manifold, diverse and diversifying, that they involve such forces as "headship" and "management" as well as custom, law, political parties, and the like. The "system" in his "Systematic Politics" works out as a sort of psychophysical ecology of governments, and thus as very untraditional political science.

But the most impressive quality of the work, especially in view of the experience which it embodies, is its Condorcet-like optimism. "I am assuming the indefinite perfectibility of men. I am assuming the validity of continuing creative evolution of mankind in the direction of higher levels of the physical, intellectual, and spiritual." Governments, perceived through these assumptions, become a succession of patterned movements, upward and onward, from the family toward the world state. Sprung from our needs, shaped by our aptitudes, characteristics, and values, even their most power-greedy, tyrannous, and cruel forms involve a repudiation of these qualities and at least the profession of an aim embracing external security, internal order, justice, welfare, and freedom. Freedom is of the essence. "Who says liberty says life. Liberty is an end in itself, but it is also more than that. It is also a means of arriving at other ends, a method of expression of personality, a mode of obtaining recognition and possibly of rising in the hierarchy of values in the society." Also the Utopias, with their ineffable orders and "strategic controls," seek the libertarian end, for all aim to liberate the personality. But the liberation comes, as it has come, genuinely by the methods of freedom alone, the method of "creative evolution as the proper role of man" working toward a future government of "free men—in free states —in a free world."

Let the Candides of 1946, returned from the wars, decide whether this is the faith of another Pangloss or the common-sense of another Martin. As for me, I choose Martin. He may be no less mistaken than Pangloss, but he enables a working faith in freedom.

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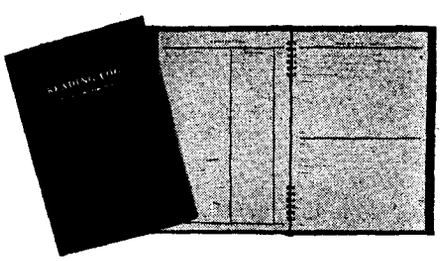

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Big Unions and Big Business

TRENDS IN COLLECTIVE BARGAINING. A Summary of Recent Experience. By S. T. Williamson and Herbert Harris, with a report and recommendations by the Twentieth Century Fund's Labor Committee. New York: The Twentieth Century Fund. 1945. 250 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by MARK STARR

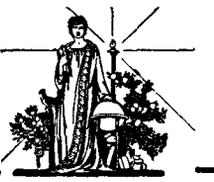
"DEFINE collective bargaining, why that's easy," said the worker. "First, the workers collect. Then they bargain with the boss. Then they collect!" But this book, a valuable postscript and supplement to the larger "How Collective Bargaining Works," published in 1942 (upon which it draws for most of its background material), shows that collective bargaining is not so simple.

The journalistic experience of Williamson and Harris makes the book much more readable than many dealing with labor problems. Mr. Harris, more ingeniously than ever, creates metaphors ("the NLRB with its tempo set to the metronome of peace") to jazz up the sober story of the Office of Production Management, the National Defense Mediation Board, and its successor, the War Labor Board.

The authors examine carefully the various forms of collective bargaining, the agencies used by workers and employers, and the techniques used for the settlement of disputes. They compare collective agreements as they influence wages, hours, and job security, and show the complications arising from the improvisations made during the war and the adaptations made to meet the war impact. They deal at length with the status of government employees.

The most valuable part of the book is its analysis of the hybrid nature of union leadership — the crusading idealists who later must become, when the union has won power and recognition, the businesslike negotiators. Then, too, the authors tackle the problem of how to combine efficiency with democratic controls when big unions face big business.

There are one or two slips which the conscientious reader may note for correction. The authors apparently think that Beatrice Webb is still alive. They gave the membership of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union as 237,000 instead of 310,000. They refer to a nationwide joint industry-labor fund to stimulate demand for dresses, whereas they have in mind the creation of the New York Dress Institute, and they ignore the



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National Coat and Suit Recovery Board, which is a longer established effort in coöperation between employers and unions.

Greater attention could well have been paid to the attempts on the part of our institutions of higher learning to the training of officers in administrative skills for collective bargaining. Nowhere in the book is it suggested that workers' education would help the rank and file to prevent the decay of internal democracy in the unions.

The book, with its combination of past history and analysis of the present functions of trade unions, provides an effective antidote to the hysteria of current headlines which exaggerate labor-management trouble and friction. For example, if examination by the union of the employer's books is "red revolution," as the ads of General Motors suggest, then many industries have already suffered socialization, for the practice is common in many union agreements.

The root of the trouble is that the unions are still relatively new in collective bargaining procedures. In the New Deal decade, 1933-43, President Roosevelt forced a shotgun wedding upon capital and labor and outlawed company unions. Only in 1937, less than ten years ago, did the Supreme Court give its final approval to the National Labor Relations Act, which made collective bargaining a recognized part of the laws of our country. However, some sections of employers have never become reconciled to the alliance and they are anxious to push for a divorce regardless of the consequences of their action.

This book will assist the general reader to understand current trends in collective bargaining and create intelligent public opinion. The union leaders and members might well read and study it in order to see the general control which the labor movement will have to develop over its previous autonomous sections. Here, too, is stated the need for workers' education to train officers in administrative skills. Such internal education will do much to prevent the otherwise unavoidable interference of the courts to protect individual members against unfair expulsion. It is, of course, preferable that labor should clean its own house of the exceptional cases of racketeering.

The diagnosis by Mr. Williamson and Mr. Harris leads us to the final chapter by the Twentieth Century Fund Labor Committee. The doctors, economists, businessmen, and labor leaders disagree vigorously when it comes to proposing specific remedies. Their recommendations are in part:

1. A national management-union council for the improvement of collective bargaining procedures.

2. Establishment of voluntary mediation boards for each large industry and also for every sizable industrial community.

3. Establishment of federal and state fair union labor practices boards. (Here Clinton S. Golden of the United Steelworkers and Robert J. Watt of the AFL and Professor E. Witte vigorously dissent.)

4. Compulsory accounting of union accounts and publication of all balance sheets. (Mr. Golden makes the point that a union in dire straights would not dare to let the employer know its weakness.)

5. Decentralization of union power and control, with greater rights to the local bodies with rank and file members participating as "partners in a common venture." (Here some of the members are skeptical, believing that diffusion of responsibility is dangerous in some instances and that already the rank and file have powers if they wish to use them.)

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NO QUARTER, NO QUARTER

(The Alamo, March 6, 1836)

By Martha Keller

"Blow it up! Blow it up!" said Houston, Sam Houston.
"They have six thousand men—it's a sin and a snare.
Get out of Bexar and do not delay
or
You'll die like a dog—you'll be massacred there.
When they sound the no quarter, *they'll close for the slaughter—*
When they play the degüello, *the wail of despair.*
Colonel Travis,
Davie Crockett,
Jim Bowie,
Major Evans,
Major Bonham,
It can never be held with as few men as these.
Bee-hunting hunter,
and gambler,
and pirate,
You never can hold it, so fire it, so fire it. . . .
Or you'll nevermore roam on the Texas prairies."

With the greasers as thick as the fleas on a dog is,
Or bugs on a blanket—they paid him no heed.
For the boys in the buckskin said, "Surely our luck's in.
And if it is not, we will see how they bleed."

"If the Alamo go," said Travis, Bill Travis,
"All Texas is stuck like a pig in a pen.
By the god-damn *degüello* the so-and-sos wail, though
We're less than two hundred we still will be men."

Then some say the pirate, some Bonham, some Bonham,
Rode out to get help, and got through, and got through.
Rode out to get Fannin, more men and more cannon.
But Fannin was bogged and his cannon were, too.

Some say it was Bonham, and some the old pirate,
That rode back to Bexar, alone, all alone.
Though he knowed good and well he'd be going to hell—he'd
Gotten no help so he brought back his own.

But thirty rode in from Gonzales, Gonzales.
Thirty more men put their necks in the knot.
So they opened the whiskey. And though it were risky,
Laid bets with the gambler, and swilled while they shot.

Crockett, he played on the fiddle, the fiddle,
Till they yelled like coyotes and fired to the tune.
And banged all the bungs out, and hollered their lungs out,
And sang, for they knowed that the end would be soon.

The hunter-of-bees killed eleven, eleven.
But the twelfth shot he shot came a little too late.
"Tell Kate," he says, "Kate, she's in old Nacogdoches.
Tell Kate I am dead. Who will tell my poor Kate?"

Evans, he died with a ball in his bosom,
Saying, "Sam, he were right. But we done what we could.
If you'll give me a hand up, I think I can stand up.
And I'll blow up the fort." But he died where he stood.

Bowie, Jim Bowie, was flat with the fever,
Weaker 'n water, too seedy to stand.
But living or dying, from where he was lying
He fought till he died with his knife in his hand.

Crockett, Dave Crockett, got five of their gunners,
As pretty sharpshooting as ever were done.
But they got him, they got him, the Mexicans shot him.
And he lay in his blood by his sweet-shooting gun.

Travis, Bill Travis, what happened to Travis?
As broad as the Brazos, as high and as wide—
The Mexicans filled him with lead till they killed him.
When they played the *degüello*, Bill Travis, he died.

"Blow it up! Blow it up!" said Houston, Sam Houston.
"They have six thousand men—it's a sin and a snare.
Get out of Bexar and do not delay
or
You'll die like a dog—you'll be massacred there.
When they sound the no quarter, *they'll close for the slaughter—*
When they play the degüello, *the wail of despair.*
Colonel Travis,
Davie Crockett,
Jim Bowie,
Major Evans,
Major Bonham,
It can never be held with as few men as these.
Bee-hunting hunter,
and gambler,
and pirate,
You never can hold it, so fire it, so fire it. . . .
Or you'll nevermore roam on the Texas prairies."

Martha Keller (Mrs. Edmund Rowland of Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania) is including the above spirited ballad in her "Brady's Bend and Other Ballads," to be published in March. If you want something good, you'll buy a copy.

* * *

Christopher Morley, Patron Merganser of this *Nest*, submits as follows:

My collection of Late Victorian Corn (which I shall eventually give to a college library, whether it wants it or not) has been quietly growing, from the second-hand counters, for many years. I won't weary you except to say it includes, mentioning at random, such priceless giblets as "The Dancer in Yellow" by W. E. Norris (actually A. J. Cassatt's copy, with his corny bookplate) and "The Average Woman" by Wolcott Balestier (with preface by Henry James), and "The Youth of Parnassus" by L. Pearsall Smith and "The Odd Women" (a three-decker) by George Gissing, and "A Noble Haul" by W. Clark Russell, etc., etc. Probably the crown of the whole anesthesia is "The Firm of Girdlestone," by you remember who.

But two volumes I badly need, and have hunted amain and incessant, are "The Adventures of Captain Kettle" and "McTodd," both by the late C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. Maybe a small egg of appeal could be laid in your embery nest? There must be some bookseller somewhere who would let me have them for about a dollar apiece? Since Felix Riesenberg died I am the only reader in existence for old Cutcliffe Hyne.

Bet you didn't see Dove Dulcet's latest:—

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William Rose Benét.

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10. Pinch.
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12. Sandys.
13. Sawyer.
14. Snout.
15. Swift.
16. Traddles.
17. Tucker.
18. Tulliver.
19. Uncle Tom.
20. Walker

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 618)

CHARLES LAMB:
A CHAPTER ON EARS

Sentimentally I am disposed to harmony. But organically I am incapable of a tune. . . . The ear will strive—mine at least will—spite of its inaptitude, to thread the maze, like an unskilled eye painfully poring upon hieroglyphics.

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(Continued on next page)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 33)

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

IN ♯614 you have no doubt noted my error in listing Upshur as Secretary of War, 1841-43, when it should have read Secretary of State. John Newberry, Hans H. A. Meyn, New York, Rufus Maier, Rochester, N. Y., and Clyde Foster, Evanston, wrote of the slip-up, though the last two questioned, too, my statement that Upshur was Webster's successor as Secretary of State: Mr. Maier placed Legare in that office. My WBD under *Upshur* notes that he was Webster's successor, but on looking up Legare, after the receipt of Mr. Maier's letter, I read Secretary of State "ad interim, 1843"—perhaps not long enough, I gather, to be officially titled in history. I looked over ♯614 to find to what extent the error might have prevented you from solving the DC.

As is my practice, when I carry it out, with an unfamiliar word, I had distributed the letters of Upshur among simple words, *our, up, is, they, our, their,* which you could have guessed despite my error.

Laurens E. Whittemore, Maplewood, N. J., has sent me the Christmas copy of a friendly little magazine issued by the Copperweld Steel Co., Glassport, Pa. One of its anecdotes concerns the writer invited by a couple of business women to their apartment. On discovering a shelf exhibiting an unabridged dictionary, an encyclopedia, a thesaurus, the World Almanac, and a mythology, he compliments them on their intellectual curiosity. Whereupon they, in all honesty, he comments, reveal that they are Double-Crostics addicts. He calls DC's "highbrow crossword puzzles" and warns, "If you think that a Double-Crostic is child's play tackle one." I hope that some of his readers accept the challenge to find out that with experience DC's *will* become "child's play."

Speaking of reference books, Harvey Moore, Riverton, N. J., converted to DC's about a year ago while convalescing in a hospital, by a sister who is a registered nurse and a DCer, points with pride to the acquisition at Christmas from the same sister of a good dictionary on the flyleaf of which she had cleverly written:

Noah Webster had a lot of brains
And all the world agrees
That you will need most of that crop
For Mrs. K's DC's.

Mary Barrows, Fryeburg, Me., formerly of the Boston publishing company of that name, comments thus on the use in ♯612 of the "Hartford minister": "Back in the dark ages I was one of the editors of *The Congregationalist,* and I remembered hearing some of the ministers chuckling over this incident: One day Mark Twain and Dr. Twichell were on the train from New York talking busily. A Hartford man, the worse for liquor, kept trying to insinuate himself into their conversation. Finally they paid no attention to him and the man went off sobbing: 'Joe Twichell, Joe Twichell, you don't care a damn for my soul'."

DOUBLE-CROSTIC: No. 619

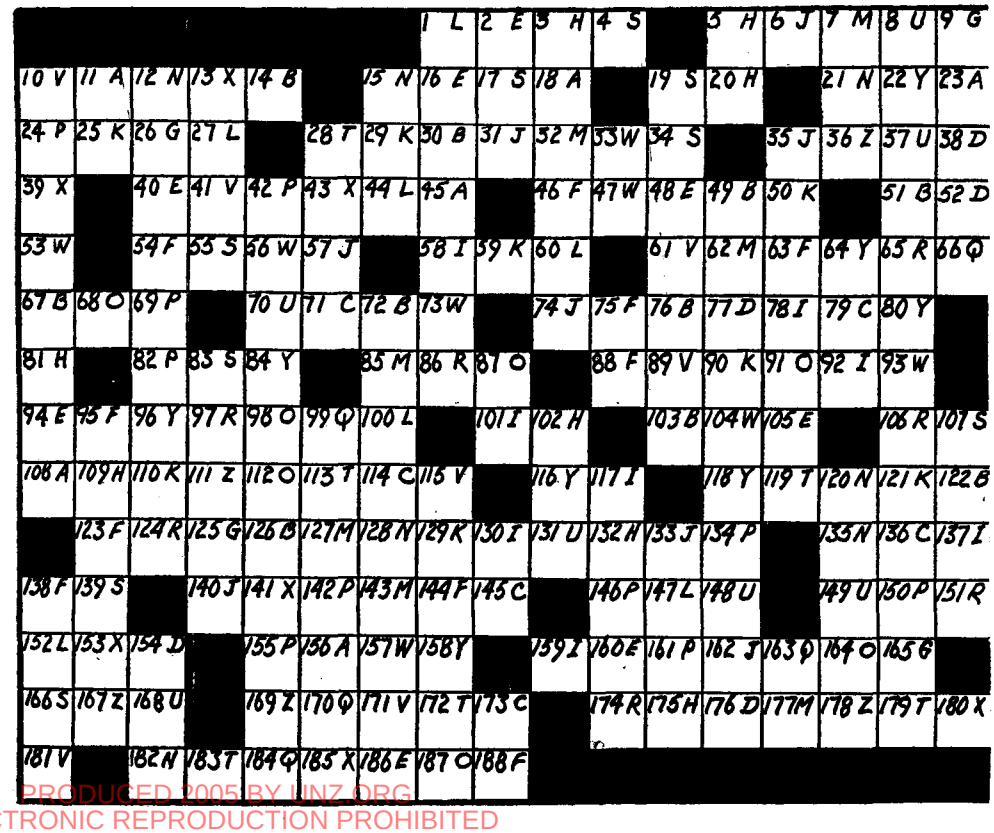
DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down, the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (Second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 32 of this issue.

	DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A.	Irregular; lacking uniformity (of a crop, market, etc.)	23 108 156 18 11 45
B.	Negro king of Haiti (1811-20); lieutenant to Toussaint L'Ouverture.	30 49 122 67 14 103 76 126 51 72
C.	German-born Jewish philanthropist whose fund helped Jewish immigrants in U.S. (1831-96; with "de").	79 136 173 145 114 71
D.	Finest quality of Manila hemp, used for delicate fabrics (Phil. I.)	38 77 176 52 154
E.	German-born musician and composer in U.S.; founder of Boston Conservatory (1824-93).	105 186 40 2 94 16 160 48
F.	Funereal; gloomy.	188 144 54 63 46 123 75 88 138 95
G.	Doctrinaire systems or practices (usually disparaging).	9 26 125 165
H.	Very young; larval (Biol.)	20 3 175 81 109 102 132 5
I.	A rudely scratched figure, drawing, inscription, etc., found on rocks, vases, etc.	78 92 58 159 117 130 137 101
J.	Atoll in the Marshalls in World War II.	162 133 140 35 57 74 6 31
K.	A shaving; a minute particle.	110 29 129 121 59 50 25 90
L.	An assembly of the legislature of the Isle of Man.	27 100 147 1 152 44 60
M.	Persons or things noted for great energy, spirit, etc. (Slang).	62 143 85 7 177 127 32
N.	Deduced; became developed.	182 135 128 15 120 12 21
O.	Supplement to a book (pl.)	112 98 87 187 68 164 91
P.	Grotesque persons; originally grotesque black dolls.	69 146 155 150 161 82 42 24 134 142
Q.	First name of American woman novelist (1874-1945).	170 66 99 184 163
R.	Island in the Ryukyus (World War II).	124 65 106 97 174 151 86
S.	Great road northward from Rome.	17 139 166 107 19 34 55 83 4
T.	Danish lyric poet and novelist; Pulitzer Prize, 1944.	28 119 183 179 172 113
U.	Husband of Alcestis, for whom she gave her life (Gr. Myth.)	149 168 8 148 70 37 131
V.	Desired possession of inordinately.	61 41 171 115 10 89 181
W.	Condition of one who is humpbacked.	93 73 56 104 33 53 47 157
X.	English novelist illustrated by Cruikshank and Phiz (1818-64; "Frank Fairleigh", 1850).	141 185 13 39 43 180 153
Y.	Yawning; drowsy; sluggish.	116 84 64 22 158 96 118 80
Z.	The combination of lights and darks (Jap Art).	167 36 111 178 169



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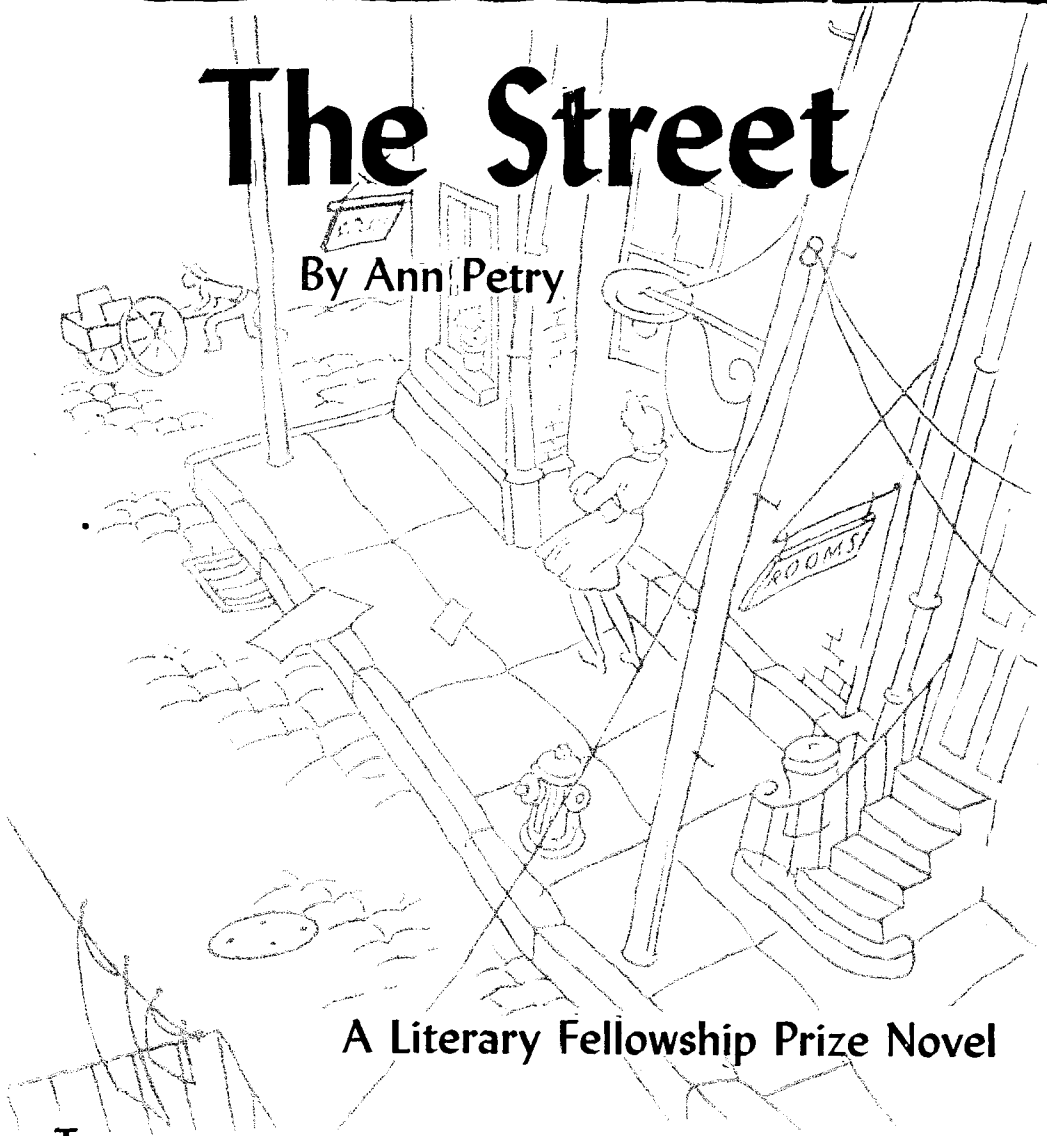
The Street

By Ann Petry



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